

THE DAILY TEXAN CLASSIFIED ADS

PHONE 471-5244 MON. THRU FRI. 8:00-5:00

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

15 word minimum
Each word one time \$.10
Each word 2-4 times \$.07
Each word 5-9 times \$.05
Each word 10 or more times \$.03
Student rate each time \$.03
Classified Display
1 col. x 1 inch one time \$2.96
1 col. x 1 inch 2-4 times \$2.46
1 col. x 1 inch 5 or more times \$2.37

DEADLINE SCHEDULE

Monday Texas Friday 2:00 p.m.
Tuesday Texas Monday 10:00 a.m.
Wednesday Texas Tuesday 10:00 a.m.
Thursday Texas Wednesday 10:00 a.m.
Friday Texas Thursday 10:00 a.m.

"In the event of error made in an advertisement, immediate notice must be given to the publisher or advertiser by the advertiser. No claim for correction or refund will be made after 30 days after publication."

LOW STUDENT RATES

15 word minimum each day \$.75
Each additional word each day \$.10
1 col. x 1 inch each day \$2.37
"Unclassified" 1 line 3 days \$1.00
(Prepaid, No Refunds)
Students must show Auditor's receipts and pay in advance in TSP Bldg. 3:00pm (25th & Whittier) from 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

FOR SALE

Auto - For Sale

TRIUMPH SPITFIRE Mark II, 1966. Recently rebuilt, needs some work, will negotiate. 3000 Catalina, after 5:00.

SAAB 99E, 1970, great gas mileage, excellent condition. \$1400. Call 471-4216.

1964 CHEVY IMPALA SS, automatic trans. AM/FM radio, must sell immediately. \$350. Telephone 447-1001, Bob.

'68 VOLKSWAGEN, automatic, excellent condition. \$950 or best offer. Call 471-6115. Ask for Elleen.

1970 TRIUMPH GT, 6 plus, good condition. 37,000 miles. Call 453-2689 for more information.

'66 VOLVO wagon in good condition. 25 mpg. 477-7638.

'69 DODGE SWINGER. Auto, air, stereo, new tires, must sell. \$800 or best offer. 441-3721 after 5 p.m.

1972 VEGA. Green Kammback. AC, radio, low mileage, automatic, excellent condition. Best offer. Call 453-8035.

1973 VW SUPERBEETLE. AM/FM radio, \$2400. Call 474-5025 evenings and weekends.

1973 DATSUN 510. AC, AM/FM, 4 door, 25 mpg. \$2500. 451-6308.

MUST SELL all 3 cars. 1974 Pinto, 1971 Chevy wagon, custom built Dunebuggy. Call Mike, 472-4472 for more details, prices.

GREEN 1971 CHEVY Vega, 44,000 miles, need to sell before Tuesday. Excellent condition. \$1350. 1107 Colorado Apts. Lake Austin Blvd. Call 477-4984 after 5:30 p.m.

MC-2000 REALISTIC component stereo. AM/FM Garrard turntable, 3" tweeter, 7" woofer. \$150. Hoover DIAL-A-MATIC vacuum, attachments, \$30. 451-4817.

MCINTOSH 500 amp, Marantz 115 tuner, large Avenor-Kenwood audio scope, AR turntable V-15 type-II. Improved fantastic sound, all equipment like new. \$1175 or best offer. 478-9985.

MUST SELL BSR 80 turntable with Shure M51E. Perfect condition, \$110 or best offer. 441-7572.

BRACO 54 turntable with Stanton 681EE cartridge, 4 large drivers, 2 small drivers. Craig, 478-5762; Scott, 327-0543.

MARANTZ 2270, Dual 1229, ESS-HIEL speakers, the ultimate in stereo systems. \$1195 offer. Mike 472-4472 anytime.

QUAD FM/AM receiver with 8-track Quad tape deck and BSR Mini changer turntable. \$125. 454-7840.

AX-7000-GARRARD Garrard's famous professional turntable is the heart of the AX-7000-Garrard stereo system. 20 watt amplifier and precision AM/FM multiplex stereo tuner with FET circuitry. AIR SUSPENSION 3 way 10 speaker system. Features heavy duty 8" woofer, 5 1/2" midrange, 4" horn tweeter, and 1/2" duocone tweeter in each speaker enclosure. 1 year guarantee on parts and labor. Lists at \$529 but will sell at \$399. Call or terms. UNITED FREIGHT SALES, 6535 N. Lamar, Monday-Friday 9-9, Saturday 9-6.

WINDSURFERS do it standing up! For demonstration of this challenging water sport, call Bill Jones, 452-6150, 453-4972.

HORSES, SADDLES, TACK 100% guaranteed. Excellent horses, fair prices. Call 288-1662.

SEARS COLOR TELEVISION, just repaired. More than fair price. \$100. 454-1543.

INDOOR AND TROPICAL plant sale. 4407 Avenue H, On Waller Creek across from Elizabeth New Museum. 453-4972.

HOOVER DIAL-A-MATIC vacuum cleaner. Recent model. Useful attachments included. \$30. 451-4817.

CANOE TRUCKLOAD SALE Double working hardwood, whitewater Aluminum - Rugged polyethylene Fiber glass - ABS plastic FREE paddles and jackets with first 15 canoes sold. COME early for best choice. 1607 E. Riverside 442-5900

MUST SELL CAMERA, FLASH & METER I must sell by May 1st a Mamiya C220 135mm f/2.8 lens, a Metz Mecablit 202 electronic flash and a Gossen Super Pilot light meter. All are in excellent condition. Will deal & deliver because I must sell. Call 472-3900 or 474-2614.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS THE WIZARD'S JAR invites you to its liquidation sale April 14 - April 27. We have to vacate our store on April 28 so this is it folks. Our entire stock of old and antique clothes, jewelry, and housewares will be cut to the bone - "dealer's" prices to the public at 40% off retail. Come between 10:30 - 5:30 p.m. (except Sunday) to get in on the tremendous savings at 1716 San Antonio St. Don't delay and miss out!

COMPONENTS 1974 Component sets (only 3) complete with speakers and dust covers. To be sold for \$88.00 each. Cash or terms. UNITED FREIGHT SALES, 6535 N. Lamar, Monday-Friday 9-9, Saturday 9-6.

VINTAGE THREADS pre-owned Fashions and More 476-0986

OLLIE TROUT'S custom handmade jewelry 478-4023 2405 Nueces

FOR SALE

Musical - For Sale

YAMAHA GUITAR SALE. Free case with every guitar. Amstar Music, 1634 Lamar, 478-7331.

GUITARS AND OTHER PRETTIED instruments repaired at reasonable prices. OUDS, LUTES, DULCINERS, etc. Custom built. 20% discount on all strings. Geoff Menke - Amstar Music, 1524 Lavaca, 478-7331.

GUITAR REPAIR, new and used acoustic, electric, amps. Discounts on strings and accessories. THE STRING SHOP, 1716 San Antonio, 478-8421, Tues.-Sat., 10-6.

Ovation steel string acoustic guitar. Almost new. Must sell. Penny, 442-0782.

GIBSON ES335, \$325. 50-watt Marshall, month old, four 12" Lansing's, \$600. Must sell. 472-9495 before 1:00.

RCA CONSOLE - beautiful color. TV, stereo, AM/FM, radio combination in solid oak cabinet. Excellent condition. \$550. 477-3001 after 5 p.m.

MARTIN 0018C Classical guitar with plush case. Beautiful tone, new condition. \$374.44, after 6 weeks.

USED YAMAHA guitar FG150. New FG170, good condition. \$120. Call 447-3914.

Homes - For Sale

RISE BUS TO UT, 4 bedroom, 2 bath home, large living area and big hobby room. All for \$28,500. Located North. Feather Homes, 451-7697.

\$10,500. USE YOUR VA. Two bedroom, one bath home, 10 blocks from UT, off 19th Street. Clean home with payment plan. \$100 month. Feather Homes, 451-7697.

HUGE FENCED YARD. Immaculate three bedroom, 1 1/2 bath home. CA/CH. Located South, one block city bus. \$21,800. Feather Homes, 451-7697.

ATTRACTIVE, old large brick family home on quiet, tree-lined street. Easy walk to UT. \$28,500. Call 478-1763 evenings for appt.

EQUITY in LOT and mobile home in South Austin. 3 bedroom, 1 1/2 bath. Unfinished. \$85,000. 478-1763 after 5:00.

12x40 TWO BEDROOM mobile home, CA/CH. Assume payments. \$2,600. Call 385-5835 after 5:30.

TRAVIS HEIGHTS duplex and house. Facing 2 streets, sharing 2 story duplex. 2 bedroom, bath & separate dining room each apartment. Sweet 2 bedroom home facing other street. All furnished, fully occupied. Total price \$47,500 - low down payment, easy terms. Large oak trees. Big rent. Ideal home and income tax shelter. See it with us today. Call Mike, 478-1763 after 5:00.

TOP CASH PRICES paid for diamonds, old gold. Capitol Diamond Shop, 4018 N. Lamar, 454-6877.

FOR RENT - Cameras, Lenses, Projectors, Accessories. The Rental Department, 385-5835 after 5:30.

LARGE INNER TUBES for swimming or tubing. All tubes to choose from. \$3.00 up. 2201 Airport Blvd.

ORNATE BRASS BEDS. Polished, side railings, curved foot boards. Doubles and singles. \$500. 506 Walsh.

CAMERAS 30%-50% OFF. Olympus OM-1, F1.2. List \$579, only \$280. Camera Obscura, 478-5187 evenings. BarAmerica, MasterCharge.

BAR SINK REFRIGERATOR, 46". 48" wide. Large Avenor-Kenwood audio scope, AR turntable V-15 type-II. Improved fantastic sound, all equipment like new. \$1175 or best offer. 478-9985.

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OLLIE TROUT'S custom handmade jewelry 478-4023 2405 Nueces

FOR SALE

Misc. - For Sale

SINGER ZIG ZAGS \$56 Just received in original factory cartons 3 zig zag Singers that make buttonholes, sew on buttons, do decorative stitches & monograms. Much more. Inspect today. UNITED FREIGHT SALES, 6535 N. Lamar, Mon.-Fri. 9-9, Sat. 9-6.

Motorcycles - For Sale

1971 HONDA 350CB. Excellent condition. Extras. Best offer over \$500. 453-3666, 451-4884.

1969 HONDA 160cc Reliable, Great Condition. \$225. 474-5244.

Pets - For Sale

NEED A COMPANION? Beautiful AKC Irish Setter puppies. Best in Austin, \$75. 282-1708 after 5 p.m.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG male, 2 1/2, Registered, trade for stereo or Sell. 444-8465, 327-2384.

FURN. APARTS.

HALLMARK APTS.

Summer Leasing Now 1 BR Furn., \$125

• King size bedrooms • Central Air & Heat • Dishwasher • Fully Carpeted • Walk to Campus

708 W. 34th 454-6294

Buckingham Square

1 BR Furn. - \$145 ALL BILLS PAID

Walk to campus - Fully Carpeted Dishwasher - Pool

711 W. 32nd 454-4917

EL DORADO APTS.

Special Student Rates 1 BR \$115 - \$125

• Small friendly complex • Pool and patio area • Shuttle bus corner

3501 Speedway 472-4893

Tanglewood W. Annex

STUDENT SPECIAL 1 BR Furn. \$120 - \$133

Shag Carpet, Central Air, Pool, Shuttle Bus Corner

1315 Norwalk Ln. 478-1874

Chez Jacques Apts.

SUMMER & FALL LEASING 1 BR, Furn. \$135 plus Elec.

BRIGHT SHAG CARPET DISHWASHER, POOL

1302 W. 24th 477-1292

Longview Apts.

Special Student Rate 1 BR, \$135 2 BR, \$160

Central air, fully carpeted, nice pool, patio area.

2408 Longview 472-5316

THE TIMBERS APTS.

Summer Leasing Now 1 BR, \$110 - \$120

Small, friendly complex, pool, new shag carpet, water & gas paid by owner.

1307 Norwalk Ln. 472-2627

Establishment Apts.

SIGNING SUMMER LEASES \$110

SMALL, COZY, BUT BRIGHT SHAG CARPET - DISHWASHER

4400 AVE. B 451-4584

SU ROCA APTS.

SUMMER & FALL LEASING 1 BR, \$135

Dishwasher - Nice Pool Covered Parking - Panelling

2400 Longview 478-5203

BEST DEAL IN TOWN. Available June 1

For hardworking upperclass or graduate married couple. Nicely furnished 1 bedroom apartment, tile bath, large living room, well-equipped kitchen with dining area, 2 large walk-in closets, carpeted floors, 15,000 BTU AC, vented wall heater. Quiet, attractive surroundings. Undercover parking, 2 blocks to shuttle bus, no pets. 1301 Exposition, \$105 per month, gas and water paid. Shown by appointment. Call owner, 478-4356.

THREE OH FIVE APARTMENTS

Large new contemporary efficiency apartments leasing for Summer. \$125 - \$129.50 plus electric.

• Walk-in closets and outside storage area. • Pool • Cable • Laundry and parking • On shuttle bus route • Optional studio couch or double bed

451-4364 305 West 35th (6 blocks to campus)

TANGLEWOOD WEST

Leasing for Summer & Fall 1 BR, \$125 2 BR, Furn. \$160

Dishwasher - Shag Carpet Central Air & Heat 1603 Norwalk SHUTTLE BUS CORNER 478-9614

V.I.P. APARTMENTS

3rd & Speedway Walk UT or Shuttle at door. Split level luxury living. Beautiful studio units designed for 3-5 mature students. New contemporary decor. Walk-ins, pool, cable TV, shag carpet. Quiet elegant atmosphere. King size one bedrooms also available. Leasing for Summer and Fall. Drastically reduced Summer rates. No calls after 7:00 p.m. 477-5560 or 477-7851

FURN. APARTS.

LOOKING FOR AN APT.?

Choose from over 10,000 units. Advantage Point Apt. Locator Free

451-8242 - No fee.

KINGSTON VILLAGE APARTMENTS

2 BR-2 A Furn. Studio w/fireplace \$220 - \$230 \$240 - \$250

All Bills Paid and Cable TV 4855 U.S. 290 E. Berkman Dr. Exit

THE VINEYARD & SNOOTY FOX

New Ultra Modern Apts. Bright Colors, Shag Carpet Dishwasher Pool

Fabulous Summer Rates Efficiency \$120 up 1 BR \$140 up 2 BR \$175 up

ALL BILLS PAID WALK TO HIGHLAND MALL AND DPS

6309 BURNS..... 451-4561

Stafford House Apts.

1 BR Furn. - \$112.25 2 BR Furn. - \$128.00

Small Friendly Complex Fully Carpeted

2500 E. 22nd 476-5421

CONTINENTAL APTS.

LEASING FOR SUMMER 2 BR Furn., \$150

Pretty shag carpet, dishwasher, pool, central air cond., dishwasher.

910 E. 40th SHUTTLE BUS CORNER 451-4373

DIPLOMAT APTS.

SIGNING SUMMER LEASES 1 BR Furn., \$125

Small, friendly complex, Central air, Nice shag carpet.

1911 San Gabriel 474-2703

ANTILLES APTS.

SIGNING SUMMER LEASES 2 BR FURN \$170 - \$180

ALL BILLS PAID 2 NICE POOLS

DISHWASHER FULLY CARPETED

2204 ENFIELD RD. 478-0609

TREES & VIEWS

Nice 2 bedrooms turn, or unfurn. only 3 min. from downtown, 5 min. from UT. Large walk-ins, extra storage, private balconies, lots of glass. From \$179 plus E. OAK KNOLL, 620 South 1st (use Timbercreek entrance). 444-1269, 472-4162. Barry Gilligwater Company.

\$155 ABP 1 bedrooms

shag - panelling giant walk-ins - balconies

Spanish furnishings 2423 Town Lake Circle 444-8118 472-4162

SOUTH SHORE APARTMENTS

Efficiency, 1, 2, and 3 bedroom apartments. Offer the solution to your housing.

The South Shore's central location provides easy access to U.T. Come by and see our new efficiency and 1 bedroom apartments on the banks of Town Lake. Complete with shag carpeting, accent wall, modern furniture, plus an individual deck overlooking the water.

From \$145 - all bills paid 300 East Riverside Drive 444-3337

THE WILLOWICK

Live in Wooded Seclusion Larger Apartments, with shag carpets, modern furniture, accent wall and convenient central location.

1 Bedroom \$145 unfurnished \$160 furnished 2 Bedroom \$178 unfurnished \$198 furnished

All Bills Paid 600 South First St. 444-0687

KENRAY Apartments and Townhouses under new ownership. 2122 Hancock Dr. next to Americana Theater, walking distance of North Loop Shopping Center and Luby's. One half block from shuttle 2nd Austin transit. 2 bedroom townhouses, extra large 2 bedroom flats, one and two baths. CA/CH, dishwasher, disposal, door to door garbage pickup, pool, maid service if desired, washer/dryer in complex. See owners, Apt. 113 or call 451-4848.

WOODWARD APARTMENTS 1722 E. Woodward Office 107 444-7555

1, 2, or 3 bedrooms unfurnished or furnished From \$140 - \$265

2 swimming pools, playgrounds, washer/dryer, lighted grounds, 5 minutes to UT minutes to B.A.F.B., steps from IRS, on bus line. BILLS PAID, Free channel TV.

CONSUL ON TOWN LAKE

New Roof - New Management 2 and 3 bedroom townhouses and flats from \$180 all bills paid. Summer from \$165. On shuttle bus route, dishwasher, disposal, central air, pool, game room. Call 444-2411, or come by 1201 Timlin Ford Road, Apt. 113. Turn East off 1435 on E. Riverside Drive.

FURN. APARTS.

ELEVEN POOLS EFF. 1 and 2 BEDROOMS

FROM \$132 ALL BILLS PAID

A new concept in apartment community living. Five architectural styles, choice of furniture styles, color coordinated throughout. CA/CH, all built-ins, available unfurnished for \$120 all bills paid.

FURN. APARTS.

CLEAN NEW EFFICIENCIES, near shuttle, CA/CH, shag carpet, residential neighborhood. \$120-\$125. 1111 West 10th. No. 106 or call 472-0829.

\$144. ONE BEDROOM Sao Paulo Apartments. Shag, pool, balconies, walnut paneled. One block from Taven, shuttle. 476-5072. 476-4999.

NOB HILL APTS. 2520 Longview. New leasing summer and fall. Large 1, 2 bedroom. Dishwasher, disposal, shag carpet, pool, laundry, 1 block from shuttle. 1/2 block IC shuttle. Summer rates. 477-4741.

NOW LEASING for summer. One bedroom apartment and 2 bedrooms. One and two bath apartments. Large pool, CA/CH, 1 1/2 from UT Law School. Shuttle bus route, ABP, Casa Del Rio Apartments. 3212 Red River. 478-6672.

LARGE ONE BEDROOM. Walk to school, shag carpet, disposal, cable TV, sundeck, CA/CH, laundry, shuttle, great location. ABP. \$155. 2812 Nueces. 472-6497.

UNEXPECTED VACANCY. Large, furnished one bedroom, north of campus. Includes CA/CH, dishwasher, disposal, shag carpet, cable, 1700 Houston. Manager Apt. 201. 451-1375. 451-2832. 451-4123.

EFFICIENCY. carpeted, one block Law School. \$95/month. 2700 Swisher. Manager apartment no. 203. 478-6550.

\$124 - \$159. GAS, WATER, and TV cable paid. One and two bedroom, pool, parking, and dishwasher. Walking distance to UT, ALL BILLS PAID. Summer rates \$140 up. Fall rates \$210 up. 474-2291 evenings.

GREAT OAK APARTMENTS. One block to Law School, quiet, luxury, two bedroom, two bath, shag carpet, sundeck, pool. Now renting for summer and thereafter. 477-3388.

NOW LEASING summer rates. 1 and 2 bedroom, pool, grills, tennis courts close by. \$125 - \$165. 1200 West 40th. No. 135. 451-3333.

LEMON TREE APARTMENTS. Efficiency, quiet residential neighborhood, shag carpet, all built-in, CA/CH, individual storerooms, laundry center, shuttle bus, water, laundry, TV cable paid. \$123.50. Summer \$110. 4406 Avenue C. 459-7401. 9 a.m. - 7 p.m.

ONE BLOCK from Law School. Tower-view Apartments. Large, nicely decorated. Gas, water, TV cable paid. \$110. No pets. 472-0191.

QUIET ONE BEDROOM, near shuttle, CA/CH, patio, \$127.50 plus electricity. 3707 Tom Green. 478-7957. 476-5694.

ONE BEDROOM, kitchen, pool, three blocks from campus. \$110. 476-2794. 477-4921.

EFFICIENCY AVAILABLE end of May. \$125. all bills paid. 400 West 20th. No. 1. 477-7653.

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED. One bedroom, pool, cable, shuttle, city buses. \$130 plus electricity. 1510 West 6th. 476-8335.

BACHELOR APARTMENTS. Summer and/or Fall. \$95 - \$140. Shown p.m. 1705 Nueces. 477-2755.

ONE BEDROOM, CA/CH, disposal, dishwasher, pool, laundry, shuttle. Summer \$120 plus electricity. Scott II Apartments. 3405 Helms. 472-1085.

QUIET FOURPLEX one bedroom, all bills paid, free cable, free washer/dryer, huge private balcony, hall block from shuttle, CA/CH, two apartments. \$125. \$132.50, \$135. 1505 Lorraine. 477-1366. 476-4339.

SUMMER RATES NOW - 2 bedroom townhouse, near Hancock Center. All utilities included. CA/CH. Children, pets welcome. \$160. 4708-D DeWac. 476-8575. 478-3712.

AC, BEDROOM, living room, bath, kitchen, private entrance. Water furnished. Close to Law School. 3408 Red River. 477-1091.

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED new efficiency. Across street from Law School. \$140 plus electricity. Available before 4th. Call Rick. 475-3881 or 477-5218.

LARGE FURNISHED 1 or 2 bedroom. Half month rent free. CA/CH, cable. 452-3076.

SUMMER RATES From \$115. 910 West 26th. Large efficiencies and one bedroom apartments available for summer. CA/CH, all built-in kitchens, completely furnished. Walk or ride shuttle to University. Pending. 476-6469 or 451-6533. Central Properties, Inc.

WILLOW CREEK Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Summer Rates Start Today 1 BR \$155 2 BR \$190 ALL BILLS PAID Shuttle Bus Route Dishwasher 2 Large Pools Security Clubroom, Volleyball Court Move In Today 1901 Willow Creek 444-0010

FURN. HOUSES LAKE AUSTIN - 15 minutes campus/downtown. 1 and 3 bedroom mobile homes. \$85 to \$140. Mack's Marina. 327-1891. 327-1151.

SUMMER SUBLEASE. Beautiful large house three blocks from campus. 4-2. Deposit required. 476-3715.

AVAILABLE JUNE 1. Next campus. 3-2. 476-0700. Lease. 905 West 29th. Call Whit 478-2101.

UNF. APARTS. ONE BEDROOM STUDIO, study. Near Law School. EC bus. \$140 plus electricity. Begin June 1. 478-6469 or manager 477-4282. 452-2121. 2706 Cole. No. 203.

ONE MONTH FREE With our year lease. Gas and water paid. 2 br. and 1 ba. North near IH35 and Chevy Chase. \$150 - \$165. Call 452-9551 or after 6 call 444-1291.

NO RENT UNTIL THE FIRST 1 BDRM - 1 Bath, \$127.50 plus Elect. 2 BDRM - 1 1/2 Bath, \$149.00 plus Elect. On Shuttle Bus Route. Convenient to Capital Plaza area. Heat & Cooking. CA/CH. Free Cable Television. Pool, Laundry Room, Shag Carpet, Pets Allowed.

KAILUA VILLAGE APTS. 5211 Cameron Rd. 451-3046. 836-6967

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TYPING

Just North of 27th & Guadalupe

Martha Ann Jivley
M.B.A.
Typing, Multilithing, Binding
The Complete Professional
FULL-TIME Typing
Service
RESUMES
with or without pictures.
2 Day Service
472-3210 and 472-7677
2707 Hemphill Park

TYPING II
A Responsive Typing Service

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474-124
Fast Professional
No Hassles
On the Drag - Next to Gourmet

Thesis
Resumes
Scientific

Multilithing, Typing,
Xeroxing
AUS-TEX
DUPLICATORS
476-7581
118 Neches

RESEARCH SERVICES
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-theses and dissertations
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Must be capable of providing phone
supervision of male students and be will-
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treating emotional disturbances. All
applicants must be able to work a vari-
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license required. Apply in person. Austin
Bowl-O-Rama. 517 South Lamar.

DELIVERY. Light, local delivery. Earn
up to \$40/day. Next appearance, own
car, know city. Full or part-time. Apply
in person only. 300 East 11th. Room 134.
9am - 9pm daily.

STEAK AND ALE needs day bus help.
Possible advancement and/or
waiter/waitress. Apply only if planning
to work through summer. Call Lee 2-4,
453-1688.

NURSERY SCHOOL TEACHER begin-
ning fall. Prefer someone with child
development background and/or pre-
school teaching experience. 5 day
morning program. Send resume to 6108
Janey Dr., Austin, TX. 78731.

NEED 4-6 STUDENTS part time to help
me with my business. Pick your own
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Kissinger To Aid news capsules

Mideast Talks

By United Press International
Israeli and Syrian ground and air forces duelled on the Golan Heights again Sunday, giving a growing sense of urgency to U.S. Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger's latest mission to the Middle East this week in search of a peace settlement.

Israel claimed its warplanes hit Syrian positions around strategic Mount Hermon and chased off a Syrian MIG 21 interceptor that crossed into Israeli-held territory. "ALL ISRAELI planes returned safely," according to a communiqué from the military command in Tel Aviv. The Syrian MIG "was chased by Israeli planes, but there was no contact," the command said.

The air strikes followed intermittent shelling around the 9,000-foot mountain and in the southern sector of the Golan front during the day.

Sunday's clashes marked the 41st straight day of Golan Heights fighting.

Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan said earlier he believes the fighting is designed to bring pressure on negotiations for a separation of forces on the front. Kissinger is due in the Middle East later this week to help in the negotiations. His latest trek looms as his most critical yet in view of the escalating warfare.

The Syrian newspaper Al Ba'ath, which reflects the views of the ruling Ba'ath Party, said any settlement of the Middle East conflict will be rejected unless Israel withdraws from all occupied Arab lands and Palestinian refugee rights are restored.

"The Syrian army is fighting for all Arabs," the daily said.

IN BEIRUT, the newspaper Al Safir said the Soviet Union has supplied Syria with modern weapons, including large numbers of fighter planes and ground-to-air SAM-9 missiles. It did not say when

the weapons were delivered. Syrian military communiqués said intermittent artillery exchanges between Syrian and Israeli forces continued throughout the night on Mount Hermon and spread to other parts of the front Sunday.

The Tel Aviv command said the shooting started at 4 a.m. when Syrian gunners shelled an Israeli observation post called "Snake's Path" on one of the mountain's three peaks.

Israel reported no casualties. In the last six weeks, at least 11 Israelis have been killed and 55 wounded in daily battles over the territory Israel captured from Syria in the October Middle East war.

UPI photographer Hugh Alexander reported from Mount Hermon that Israeli mobile artillery and mortars rained shells down on Syrian positions on the rocky plains below during the day.

HE SAID incoming Syrian shells fell short of Israel's outpost on the summit and pockmarked the snow-covered slopes with brown and black shell holes.

"You've got 20 seconds until it explodes," a colonel at one outpost yelled at newsmen as the Syrian shells whistled in.

In Jerusalem, Dayan and Chief of Staff Mordechai Gur briefed the Israeli cabinet on the Syrian front fighting.

In other Middle East developments:

• West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, on a tour of

Arab countries, arrived in Cairo for a four-day official visit and talks on European ties with Arab countries.

• The United Nations prepared to cut its buffer troops in the Sinai between Egypt and Israel by more than 300 men in mid-May.

Labor Party Rejects Meir's Advice

TEL AVIV (UPI) — Israel's ruling Labor Party decided Sunday to try to form a new transitional government, rejecting recommendations by outgoing Prime Minister Golda Meir and her entire cabinet for new elections.

The Labor Party's 614-member Central Committee, its policy-making body, delayed until Monday any decision on a successor to Mrs. Meir as prime minister.

Humphrey Blasts Nixon's Economic Policies

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, D-Minn., Sunday accused the Administration of failing to develop effective economic programs and called for a new program to reverse inflation. "In all my years in government," Humphrey said, "It is hard to

remember a failure of leadership any more glaring than the failure of this administration to develop effective policies to deal with inflation."

Kissathon Couples Holding Out

FORT LAUDERDALE, Fla. (UPI) — After 24 hours, a dozen couples were still at it Sunday in the Great Fort Lauderdale Beach Kissathon, and one pair vowed to stay another 24.

Energy Chief Expects Gas Prices To Rise

ORLANDO, Fla. (UPI) — Energy Chief John C. Sawhill said Sunday he expects the price of gasoline at the pump to increase 3 to 5 cents a gallon when price controls are removed, and urged Americans not to switch from oil to gas or electricity to heat their homes.

The Federal Energy Office, he said, would announce plans to remove the controls "in the next few weeks."

Henley's Final Pretrial Set

SAN ANTONIO (AP) — What is billed as the last pretrial hearing for Elmer Wayne Henley, 17, gets under way Monday.

Henley's trial for murder is set for trial July 8. Charges against him came after the bodies of 27 teen-aged males were found in Houston last August.

Monday's hearings follow other pretrial hearings here earlier this month, several weeks of hearings in Houston

in January and a short hearing last Friday, also in Houston.

Dist. Judge Preston Dial is expected Monday to consolidate six cases of murder against Henley so they may be tried together July 8. One case, in the death of Charles Cobble, 17, was transferred here on a change of venue last January by Dist. Judge William Hatten of Houston.

At the request of prosecution and defense lawyers, Hatten on Friday transferred

the other five cases.

Dial also must deal with another crop of pretrial motions by defense lawyers Will Grav and Ed Pegelow.

The motions ask for a second change of venue and to dismiss all the charges against Henley because of alleged misconduct on the part of police and prosecutors.

Gray says if those motions fail, he will file others seeking a six-month delay in the trial, individual questioning by lawyers of potential jurors and the locking up of jurors selected during the trial so they won't be subject to outside influences.

The defense attorney says police seriously jeopardized his client when a statement implicating Henley by another defendant in the case, David Owen Brooks, 19, fell into the hands of newsmen.

Gray also complains that prosecutors used a jail guard to gain Henley's confidence and learned details of client-attorney conversations.

Brooks is charged in four cases of murder. No trial date for him has been set.

Police say Brooks and Henley procured young males — in many cases their friends and neighbors — for Dean A. Corli, 33.

Students Leave GOP

PRINCETON, N.J. (UPI) — Student allegiance to the Republican Party has reached its lowest point in almost 10 years, according to a Gallup Poll released Sunday.

The poll said only one student in seven of the 1,089 fulltime students interviewed on 60 college campuses described himself as a Republican.

Forty-nine percent of those students surveyed called themselves independents, outnumbering the proportion calling themselves Democrats (37 percent).

The low point in GOP party affiliation among students coincides with the low point among the nation's voters as a whole.

The most recent Gallup survey showed only 24 percent of the adults questioned on the subject affiliated themselves with the Republican Party.

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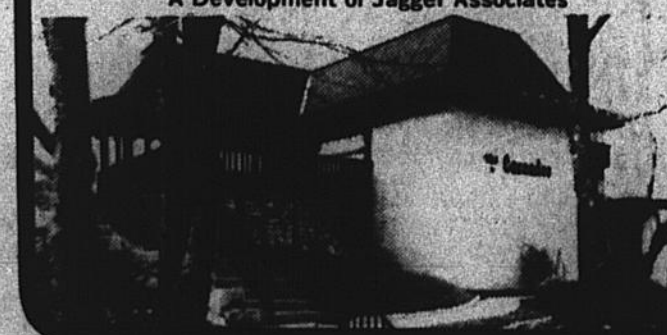
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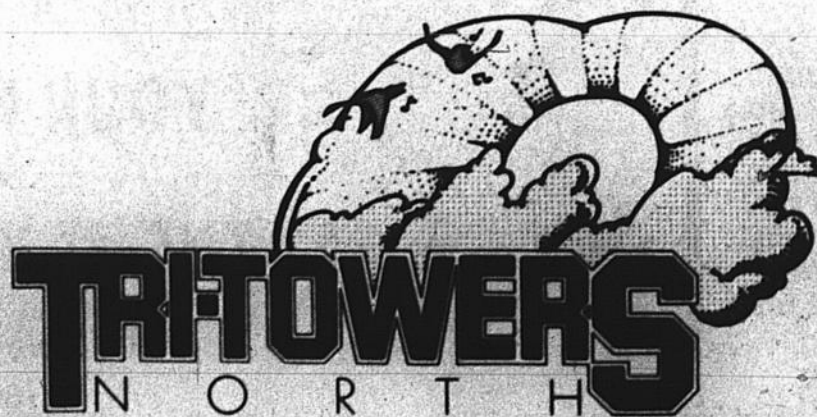
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PEARL

The first of these is the power of the state, which is the power to make laws and enforce them. This power is derived from the people, who give it to the state through their representatives. The state uses this power to maintain order and protect the rights of its citizens.

The second is the power of the church, which is the power to influence the moral and spiritual life of its members. This power is derived from the teachings of the church and the authority of its leaders. The church uses this power to guide its members and to promote the common good.

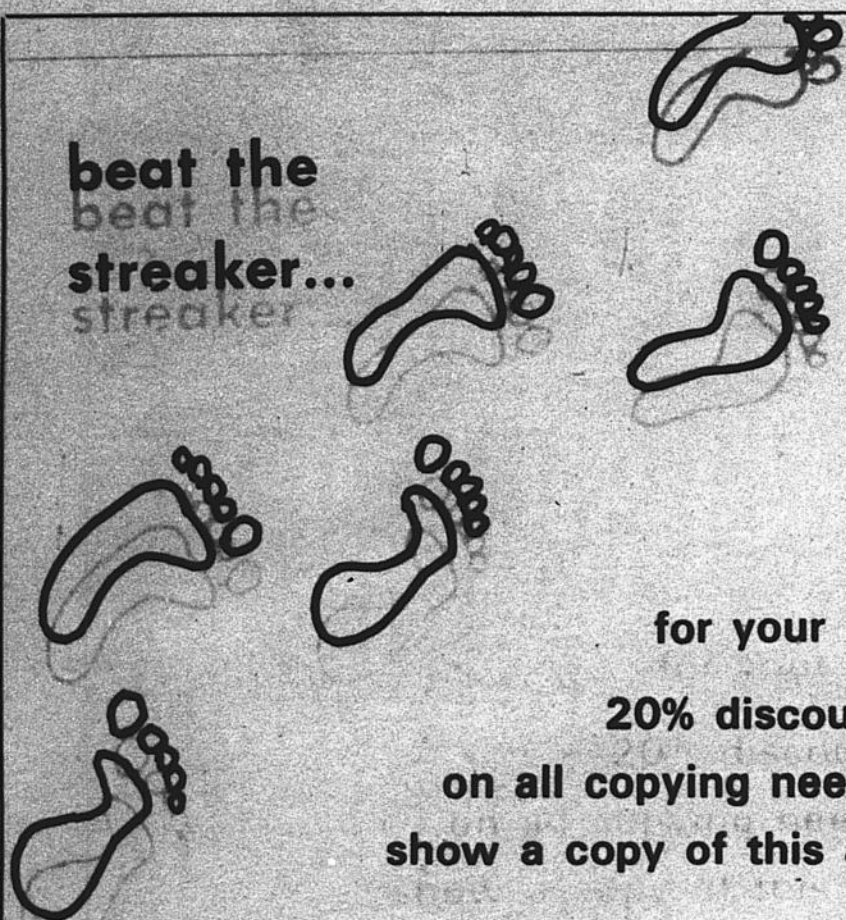
The third is the power of the family, which is the power to influence the lives of its members. This power is derived from the love and care of the family members. The family uses this power to support and nurture its members and to transmit values from one generation to the next.

The fourth is the power of the individual, which is the power to influence the world through one's actions and choices. This power is derived from the individual's unique talents and abilities. The individual uses this power to contribute to society and to realize their own potential.

These four powers are interconnected and interdependent. The state cannot function without the support of the church and the family. The church cannot function without the support of the state and the family. The family cannot function without the support of the state and the church. The individual cannot function without the support of the state, the church, and the family.

Understanding these powers and how they interact is essential for understanding the world and our place in it. It is only by recognizing the power of each of these institutions and the individual that we can hope to create a better world for ourselves and for future generations.

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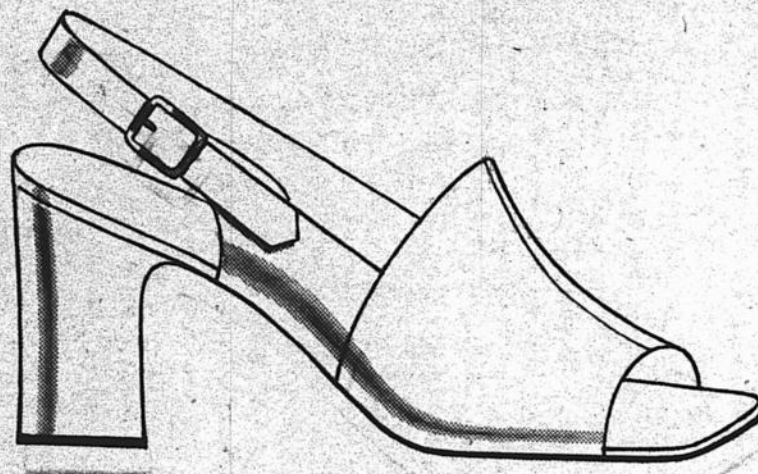
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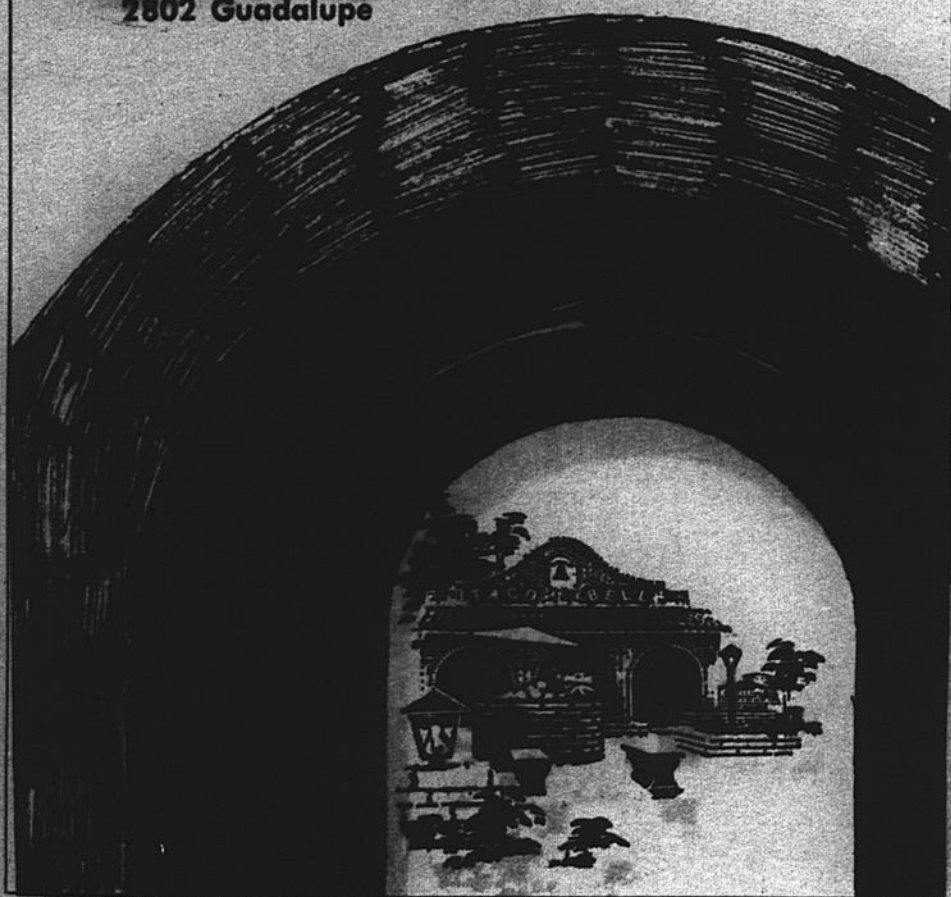
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The fifty-cent jewel bounces off walls somewhere between hapless gag sequences inspired by *Blondie*'s creator, the late Chic Young, and the Theatre of the Ridiculous, in a tradition inspired by the illustrious three-man comedy routines of latter period Marx Bros. and the classic Larry, Curly, and Moe phase of the Three Stooges, i.e.—a printed bag of laffs, nyuks, and slapstick.

Vintage comic shlock humor never did go away, it just wears a different set of threads these days. Utilizing a fart to foil Norbert the Nark's secret, Odor Mike isn't *that* much more absurd than Mr. Dithers honking Dagwood over the noggin with a typewriter.

The FFF Bros. don't mess with none of that pseudo-intellectualism that gluts the strips in, say, a *Doonesbury*, *Peanuts*, or a *Mary Worth*, even if Fat Freddy's Cat, in one adventure, teaches the obese one a Zen yoga lesson. Naw, the titillating trio, through Shelton's deft pen, opts for more free thinking practical material — the Hamster-and-Methedrine powered engine as an energy saver; or what happens when Fat Freddy (the Harpo/Curly of the troika) leaves a half pint of amyl nitrate in his dirty jeans at the washateria.

Don't get me wrong tho, pod-nuh. That ain't all roses and toilet water emanating from Gilbert's inkwell. Put him next to some of the other noted "underground" cartoonists — and his work remains a trifle underdeveloped. Shelton can't match El Crumbo's distinct Thirties Terry toon style; he has yet to even master the fully drawn female figure. But place Number Three next to his earlier *Wonder Warthog* and *Texas Ranger* material and it's plain as vanilla that Gilbert has progressed, especially in detail and background filler.

Over the years, the tantalizing triumvirate has established an underground identity rivaled only by Crumb's Mr. Natural. And the Freaks appear on a regular basis. I mean, how can you really knock an artist whose teevees grin like idiot boxes? Bless Gilb, cause not only does he keep the nation's underbelly giggling, but he's coined some nifty hippie credos ("Times of no money and plenty of dope...") — all except for the one that goes "Smoking dope and drinking beer is like pissing in the wind." I'll let that last one slide by and tip my Hatlo Hat anyway.

— JOE NICK PATOSKI

PEARL April 1974

Big John

JOHN B. CONNALLY: PORTRAIT IN POWER Ann Fears Crawford and Jack Keever (Jenkins Publishing Co.)

Here is a 460-page scrapbook of John Connally's public and private life. It includes entries from all sorts of characters in Texas' recent history, with one notable exception, Big John himself.

The book spans his lifetime, from his cotton-picking and peanut-hoeing days to the present, where "Feigning indifference, John Connally sits on the edge of the presidential arena."

Facts and details abound in *Portrait*. The authors' presence is rarely felt outside the opening remarks and the epilogue, as most statements are qualified by a third person's testimony in a journalistic fashion. This can get laborious, and in places, the vast herds of names and dates plod along.

Portrait In Power excels as it unwinds the story behind Connally's ascension atop the Lone Star saddle, holding the reins of Texas' big-money interests. While close on the coattails of important folks, like Sid Richardson, Lyndon Johnson, and more recently perhaps too close to Richard Nixon, Connally never surrendered his independence.

In developing the relationship between LBJ and Connally, *Portrait* shows an important incoherence. Though the two emerged from similar stomping grounds, "Johnson seemed compelled by his own upbringing to make life better for those who had not done so well. Connally, on the other hand, had made it, and seemed determined to erase all traces of the days when the Connally kids couldn't even play sports because they had to get home to their chores."

The authors, both University alumni, lean heavily on the friends and opponents of the man, for he declined to assist them personally. Crawford, a doctoral candidate and author of several other books, and Keever, former managing editor of *The Daily Texan* who has spent over a decade on the Associated Press' capitol bureau, are neither flatterers nor critics, but try to reveal the sentiments of those who are.

Journalists metaphorically refer to Connally as the Rising Star From Texas frequently. Close observers of the star will find this book useful.

But the book was published

before Nixon's blessing became as envied as halitosis, before the Associated Milk Producers got more 'understanding' for their dollar than they bargained for, and before the comet Kohoutek fizzled out.

However, in light of Connally's current 38-state blitzkrieg of the country in effort to assist Republican candidates in the November elections, he seems to have his eye on '76.

If the star shines, *Portrait In Power* may get to be a dog-eared chart of that upward path.

—GEOFFREY LEAVENWORTH

Loathsome

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL Dr. Hunter S. Thompson (Popular Library — Paperback)

Despite the fact that daily I see my rights being rinsed down the drain in an ugly river of Republican piss, I take Hunter Thompson more seriously than I do George McGovern. Word junkies are fond of the man, because in an age which is herding lovers of language into pens about the size of ones reserved for glue sniffers or mah-jongh players, the good Doctor's work transmits those powerful jolts of raw energy we need to jab into our heads to keep the blood flowing.

Hunter Thompson, like so many modern journalist/novelists, works in the cracks and seams of American life. Unlike many, who work with small hopelessly twisted little crawl-spaces like speed freaks in Omaha; or down and down in the washateria, Dr. Thompson prefers the gaping black canyons, like the savage dark abyss that separates a quasi-sane citizen from the king hell power junkies of presidential politics or the gap between the drug and violence-lashed world of pro-football from the average underage/overweight domestic jock-sniff, or that long black road with no center stripe where the Angels live screeching and roaring through the night. If Thompson works in appearance, doesn't try any deep characterization, it's because the nature of the hellish gaps he works around can't get explored, only jumped. It's the leap — something alien-cold — that gives his work its impact, and the depth of the canyons he leaps that gives it its force. Hunter S. is a half-literary Evel Kneivel.

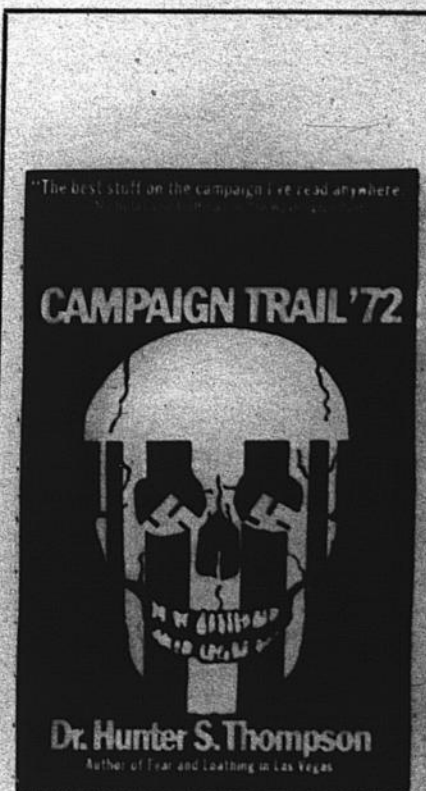
There is a strong strain of literary muckraking in current fiction — a "follow me — I'll show you sights you've never seen before." Thompson takes a different line — he takes the biggest, starkest, the most obvious and shows us that our awful, well-suppressed midnight horrors were true. If he never pauses too long to reflect, well, call him a moving target.

The grating lows and erratic highs are part of his style: journalism as the keeping of an articulate, intense, semi-public journal, a record which carries not only the fact but also the form of whatever Thompson has chosen to live through. Hunter S. Thompson is the latest in a strain of American writing stretching from James Agee's *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* through Burrough's *Naked Lunch* to Tom Wolfe and finally, to this latest experience of the American Dream — Fear and Loathing.

— JAMES ADKINS

All books except Lincoln Steffens: A Biography reviewed courtesy of the second-floor tradebooks department of the University Co-Op, 2246 Guadalupe.

Lincoln Steffens: A Biography reviewed courtesy of Garner and Smith Bookstore, 2116 Guadalupe.



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Reader's Guide

Edited by Dan Jones

Politics and the Counterculture

This month, PEARL reviews biographies of three very different and very politically-oriented men—Harry Truman, John Connally, and Lincoln Steffens. To balance things out, there is also a glance at two new ones from the "alternate media."

Give 'Em Hell

PLAIN SPEAKING Merle Miller (Putnam)

Walter Cronkite has his own favorite Harry Truman anecdote, which goes something like this: When Truman first ran for public office, he asked that his mother not be told he was going into politics. "Don't tell her I'm a politician," he begged a friend.

"Well, what'll I tell her?" asked the astonished person.

"Tell her anything you want," replied Truman. "Tell her...tell her...tell her I'm a piano player in a house of ill repute!"

Most everyone can get his points (and digs) in with quotes from "Hi-Tax Harry" but none so comprehensively as Merle Miller in his aptly-titled bestseller *Plain Speaking*.

Daughter Margaret Truman Daniel charges that Truman, not Miller, should get credit for the tome, since it is merely a strung-together series of interviews for a television program that never came off. But it is masterfully edited and quite probing, even if it does upstage Margaret's recently-published biography of her father.

Truman emerges as a cornball — a real cornball. For instance, when asked how he was doing, he never belabored his latest transactional move or told you, "I'm OK, you're OK." He replied, without fail, "I'm fine. And you?" He had trouble with his mother-in-law. He had to wear glasses and couldn't play baseball. He really got upset when somebody knocked his kid, once writing a reviewer who had written a derogatory music review of a performance by his daughter, "I have never met you, but if I do you'll need a new nose and a supporter below. Westbrook Pegler, a guttersnipe, is a gentleman compared to you. You can take that as more of an insult than a reflection on your

ancestry." He then affixed his own 3-cent stamp to the correspondence (it was, after all, a personal note) and mailed it to the affrontive person, with no regrets.

Truman, who despised Nixon and called Jack Kennedy "that boy in the White House," caught a lot of grief for not being a Roosevelt, from the aforementioned mother-in-law on down to the American people. But, just as Mr. Johnson couldn't and wouldn't be a Kennedy, Truman said tough it to aping Roosevelt.

And — "I'm going to give them hell,"... "The buck stops here,... "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen," — some of Truman's comments have become as classic as Ben Franklin's aphorisms — for they're just as pithy and pungent. Frankly, I can't remember anything Roosevelt said except, "I hate war. Eleanor hates war." Which never inspired me much, given the circumstances.

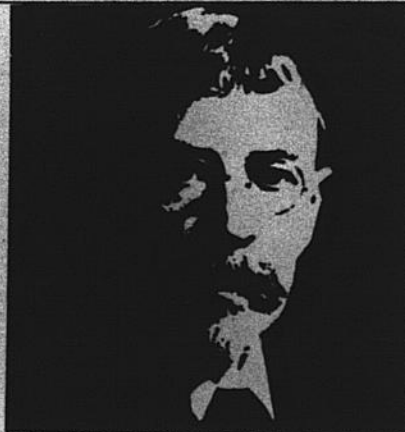
Plain Speaking's weakness is that it is the story of an old man. Harry Truman, 77 when he began talking to Miller, spent a lot of time going to funerals, and his reminiscences didn't always exactly coincide with history's. But every fact is scrupulously checked out and noted by Miller. With combined vantage points, they treat the reader to an accurate, entertaining picture of a tough, honorable old coot. It probably won't become a poli-sci text, but I can think of nine specific people who could learn a lot about dealing from the top of the deck from this book.

—BARBARA LONGEWAY

Where Angels Fear...

LINCOLN STEFFENS Justin Kaplan (Simon and Schuster)

Kaplan is a high-class biographer. His treatise on Mark Twain is the definitive one. He wrote it like an artist discussing the trials of a colleague. The Steffens book is not half so good. It could not be. Steffens was not half so interesting a man, intrinsically. His interest comes mainly from the affairs and events he had a



hand in — the muckraking of the big cities, the Parkhurst reform, the Mooney-Billings case, the Bolshevik Revolution. This calls for vast amounts of historical background — which Kaplan very willingly supplies, often at the expense of losing sight of Steffens himself.

Steffens is not a wholly admirable man either. He was not well liked in his own time — he was a visionary who failed to repay the friendly attention of other visionaries by remaining true to one vision. He was, first, a muckraker, then a Progressive, then a Bolshevik, then a Christian Anarchist, then a parlor radical with vague attachments — then an admirer of Mussolini. As a muckraker he was despised by the great financiers and a large part of the American people. As a Bolshevik he was despised by those who admired him as a muckraker. As a Christian Anarchist he was despised by the Bolsheviks. As a parlor radical he was despised by the Anarchists. As an admirer of Mussolini he was held in mild contempt by everyone.

He ingratiated himself, briefly, by writing an autobiography — which he filled with entertaining lies. Kaplan, of course, is after the truth. The truth, says Kaplan, is that Steffens was eternally confusing his inner with his outer life. What he felt in his heart of hearts about, say, his own sexual powers influenced his opinion of Lenin's Five Year Plan and the Single Tax. This confusion made him miscalculate — let him rush in where angels feared to tread. It made him think he could settle an ugly labor dispute — the Mooney-Billings case — by invoking the Golden Rule. It made him lecture American patriots on Bolshevism during the Wilson Censorship of World War I. It let him see and

proclaim Russia as the hope of mankind. "I have seen the future, and it works," he said after a trip there in 1919. In his last days it made him admire Mussolini for getting things done.

His fame, such as it is, rests chiefly on his early days, on his muckraking. He was one of the most thorough and competent reporters of the time. His specialty was the shame of the cities. When he set to picking apart a city for an article in McClure's Magazine he sometimes took a year for research. His name was mentioned in the same breath as that of Upton Sinclair. But after the Great War slowed him down he came to repudiate muckraking as a flea in the ear of the System. It made the American people sure the corrupt men were being cleared out, which they weren't, and it gave the corrupt men a chance to clean their noses before the cops came. No one to this day has every seriously bothered to repudiate Steffens' repudiation. Not even Kaplan, whose purpose in picking on Steffens remains inscrutable.

—GREG SMITH



Freaks

A YEAR PASSES LIKE NOTHING WITH THE FURRY FREAK BROTHERS (Number Three) Gilbert Shelton (Rip Off Press)

Oh dat Gilbert Shelton! The homegrown cartoonist and part-time dirt track racer continues the quest of artistic refinement, honing the edge you might say, in this third edition of accumulated Freak Bros. strips, which you may or may not have seen before in the *Rag*, depending on your reading habits.

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With its last cover of the year, PEARL Magazine presents you with a poster (suitable for framing, giving as last minute birthday gifts, or sprucing up the potato chip carton you use as a trashcan—on the outside, please). Perhaps during the long summer months of sun, beaches, and poison ivy you'll think of us while next year's staff is foregoing worldly pleasures to bring you an even better Vol. 3.

**Cover Design
by Bob Milz**

Feedback

Letters to the editor should be triple-spaced and include the name, address, and phone number of contributor. Mail letters to PEARL Magazine, P.O. Box D, University Station, Austin, TX 78712; or bring letters to the PEARL office, Texas Student Publications Building 4.104.

ABROAD OPINION

Tra-la-la. Passport in hand and a bottle of polymagmas to soothe the burning wrath of the inevitable rectal revenge, we jet off to foreign exoticas in search of native organics and simplistic fulfillment. How nice! Perhaps Mr. Powers ("Is There Immigration After Graduation?" March '74) has never been further than Buda, Tex. himself. Unfortunately, in terms of down-to-bermuda-shorts-and Hawaiian-shirt-truths, Americans, as a whole, are distinctly unpopular with their fellow earthlings. Sure, they may love us in Rhodesia (wonderful; isn't Lester Maddox an honorary citizen there?). Ditto for Israel, Mexico, Australia (yawn!), New Zealand, and that other place Mr. Powers mentioned, Liberia. (I think Americans are also welcome on Easter Island and Greenland.) Naturally we've brought about these anti-American resentments in our usual a-la-pig fashion. So if you don't find nirvana in Puerto Marijuana, or wherever, you've no one to blame but yerself, gringo. As for me, I intend to colonize on the shores of my own personal discovery in the south China Seas (I'll never tell!), muy pronto after graduation. Hopefully I'll be spared the sight of burnt-out UT students, with their outasite backpacks and patchwork jeans, searching for "truth." It's embarrassing enough in Austin; do we have to advertise our lack of couth abroad also?

Bill Sibley

PATOSKI TUNES OUT

First of all — my highest congratulations on an "out-standing monthly magazine supplement to the Daily Texan." I only wish that more people would appreciate it.

BUT, concerning Joe Nick's article in the March issue — "Pearl's Guide to Car Radio

Stations" — he was gravely mistaken in stating that KNUZ 1230 was "competition for KILT's teen listeners." It is far from it since KNUZ died a teen radio station's death almost two years ago and emerged with six guns firing and an all new Country Top 40. So, now there are one, two, three, no FOUR C&W radio stations and one "teen" station in Houston — a very frustrating experience if one's taste in music is definitely NOT Dolly and Porter and most certainly NOT a cross between Helen Reddy and Donny Osmond.

So now, EVERYONE, including Joe Nick, knows that KNUZ is all C&W and can remember to not even bother to tune their radio to 1230, country-fresh KNUZ!

Michael Olson

PLEA FOR FM

Great idea on the radio station guide. But how about a follow up on FM stations. Know they don't carry like their rock jock in-laws but its just as much of a bummer for those of us who go ape shit after listening to our one and only playing eight track tape for the sixteenth time and want to turn on to FM on the road only to find ZAPPO.

At least we could tune in for that fifteen minutes worth of good reception between Pedunk and Junction City. It would be something to look forward to and would be something to keep us trucking home and awake.

An Anonymous Reader

SECOND CLASS FAN

Jean Lenzner ("Riding the Southbound Rails") has done a disservice to the student traveler by dismissing in one paragraph the unique experience of riding second class on the train through Mexico. One who follows her advice will travel isolated from the way of living of 99 percent of the Mexican people, seated next to a non-opening window in the Pullman car, breathing processed air, and surrounded in the dining and drinking cars by foreign tourists and Mexican businessmen. The second class

traveler faces none of these other than the view. On the contrary, he will share a crowded, open car with farmers and working people and their families.

Regarding food, Jean says to "beware" of the Mexican steak for the dubious reason that it doesn't closely resemble our own. One would do better to beware of the diner altogether because of inflated prices. In the open cars, you can eat well at almost any stop. Women from the villages await the train and offer cheap, safe, filling, and tasty fare, usually tortillas topped with rice, chicken, beans, or potatoes. In addition, the conductor passes down the aisles frequently offering beer, soft drinks, sandwiches, and candy. (The sandwich is put together when you order it.)

And an unarguable advantage of going second class is that there are no reservations to hassle with. Just show up with your baggage, buy your ticket, and board the train. The only possible disadvantage is the lack of clean restrooms.

In short, I think that Jean should understand that many young people may have traveled high on the hog with their parents all their lives; they now wish to discard the role of the bourgeoisie American traveler while soaking up some mainstream Mexican culture.

James Bass

INFLATION

The price for round-trip, first-class accommodations for two from Nuevo Laredo to Mexico City on the Aztec Eagle should have been quoted as \$68.88.

T-T-THAT'S ALL FOLKS

I'm sure O'Malley, Longeway, and I agree with Michael Patterson, PEARL Magazine's first editor, that a

semester of being editor means feeling "as if my guts have been run through a wringer and used to wipe off windshields."

But your guts get tougher. While they only last through five windshields after the first issue, by the end of the semester you consider renting them out to car washes.



Photo by Larry Upshaw

Thanks must go to the senior staff, for if not for Sheldon Lippman's magic fingers on layouts and Darryl Farrow's magic prose on crumpled copy paper, PEARL could not have existed. Long cross-eyed hours of proofing pages will not go unnoticed—nor will corn plasters on aching feet of production assistants and copy editors like Carrie Schweitzer and Don Parrish.

And what would we do without Joe Nick (well, there wouldn't be much of a Feedback page). Cicely has kept us informed visually, Dan poetically. A special gracias to Mike Powers—for his editing expertise, dependability, and his graphics notebook.

As for me, thanks to Dr. DeWitt Reddick, there's fame and fortune awaiting in Big D and I'm off. Good luck and happy bunions to editor Sheldon and next year's staff.

Sally Jenkins Editor,
PEARL MAGAZINE
Feb. - Apr. 1974

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Off The Record

By Joe Nick Patoski

Bargain Wax For The Ears

April is the cruelest month, bringing showers, fools, taxes, and the final *discos* rumination of the season. When you're wet, crazy, and poor, there's no better time to discuss cut-outs.

"Cut-outs?" you ask. "Has our Vinyl Vigilante tossed in his headphones? Does glue, indeed, warp the nation's bright young minds?"

Noooo, no dear premie, cut-outs just mean the bargain bins, overstock, junk, and throwaways of the record industry. Every so often, the company labels gotta trim down their catalog to make room for this year's hot platters. Tighten the belt, y'know. The excess fat trimmed away is the cut-out, indicated by a snipped edge or punched hole in the corner of the cover. Otherwise, the elpee is brand spankin' new and accessible to the consumer for generally under two bucks.

C/Os have their bad side, too. It's a very easy way for record labels to unload a stiff or a mound of overstock without paying artist royalties. Some sleazier labels will release a new product that winds up the next week among the cheepos.

"How about some of the good deeds these samaritans of econo-rock deliver?"

Wotta knee-jerk query. You say you been to college, dildo brain? Heh, practically all my Sir Douglas Quintet collection, including the oh-so-rare *Best of the SDQ* (Tribe), was culled from the bargain racks. And only through the C/Os can you today be the lucky owner of the first two Stooges albums on Elektra. 'Course if you happen to be a Melanie fan, you no doubt are quite familiar with the budget selections. It's a buyer's market. If you got good eyes you might even score a collector's item — maybe the old Jim Croce disks he cut with his wife or the first Boz Scaggs (Atlantic) — for a mere pittance of the true value.

Whilst ya'll were soaking up rays over spring break, I paid homage to some local C/O hot spots. And I discovered the places to be seen are the megamonuments to corporate buy-in-bulkism, the discount department store. All those Gibsons and Woolcos lurking on the



photos by Stanley Farrow

edge of town offer some mighty tasty biscuits for the austere audiophile. If you're the kinda dog that digs Nehru jackets and Our Man Flint paperbacks, wouldn't you snap at over five Ravi Shankar releases on World Pacific or *Thunderball*, *The Man From Uncle* & *Other Secret Agent Themes* (Design)? Roll over, Fido, that's like asking if James Brown can waltz. The Godfather of Soul prefers to allow *Out of Sight* (Smash), *Ain't It Funky*, and *It's A New Day*, *Let A Man Come In* (both King) do the talking for their own bad selfs at a cold blooded price.

Overstock has been dominating the market as of late, *Let It Be* (Apple) leading the pack with half the Grunt catalog (Jefferson Airplane et al.) and a host of RCA numbers fighting it out for second. Dave Mason's Blue Thumb material is also prominent in the overzealous pressing division of the league.

All sorts of trends run rampant through the racks of economy, much like the contemporary glitter and boogie movements. The cut-out incrowd currently is dominated by late Sixties Motown/Atlantic soul product (Four Tops, Supremes, Temps, both Archie Bell and the Drells) and turn of the decade mutated psychedelia in the tradition of Iron Butterfly (Warning: Stay away from their ATCO Greatest Hits package cuz it's got the short version of "Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida" and no drums means no fun).

Really darlins, no budget bin would be complete without the Oldies packages, the refugees from old XEG come-ons and K-Tel video pressure pitches. For the 9.98 list of *American Graffiti*, you can program your own five album cruise down Memory Lane. And where else but *Original Oldies Vol. 4* (Springboard) could you find Buster Brown's "Fanny Mae"

and "Ya Ya" by Lee Dorsey together?

Last summer a group known as Snatch & the Poontangs surfaced and actually wasn't too bad for a Hot Nuts imitation. *Authentic Belly Dancer Music* (Music Disc) could heat up any dull party as well as strengthen those flabby abdominal muscles. And talk about degeneracy, Keith is *Out of Crank* (Mercury) but probably high on ludes singing "Daylight Savings Time" (he's for it) and "Candy, Candy."

Ya say you can't sleep and Sominex brings on old Gilligan's Island flashbacks? Try to forget your cares by listening to *Midnight Jamboree* (Decca) starring Ernest Tubbs and his Texas Troubadors and highlighting the wondrous warbles of Patsy Cline and Kitty Wells.

See, it don't matter if you're a geek or a shiek, a stud or a pud, somehow, somewhere, down the aisles of packaged plastic ("go straight to the end, take a left, third bin from the middle") is that particular platter pleading, "Buy me! Love me!" Oh, dear consumer, have pity, for these are proud records. From the treasured heritage of necrophilirocker Screamin' Jay Hawkins, *What There Is* (Phillips) and his "Constipation Blues" to the West Coast new wave that is *Freakout — The Great New Guitar Sounds* (Spinorama); across the smokey valleys of *Banjo Spectacular — Sing Along With the Banjo Barons* (LE) to the snow-kissed slopes of Chester Schmitz as Tubby the Tuba on *Evening at the Pops* (Polydor) with Julia Child as narrator and chief inspiration for "French Chef Theme," no doubt on some lesser peak; spanning fields of amber grain where *Elton Britt Sings the Blues of Jimmie Rodgers* (Camden) to the spice jar Martha & the Vandellas are trapped in on the cover of *Sugar & Spice* (Gordy), there is a place for you. Give me your tired, hungry, and oppressed record consumer, weary of high prices, and I'll give 'em the Grassroots' *Feeling* (Dunhill). Now 'scuse me until next fall while I take this friggin' cotton outta my ears. O

The Reel World

By Cicely Wynne

Curtains Down on the Silver Screen

TEXAS UNION

A STAR IS BORN(1954) George Cukor's musical is a permanent tribute to the greatness of Judy Garland. The story rambles on melodramatically, although it's quite watchable. But Garland and the musical sequences would be among the ten items I'd take to a desert island. James Mason is also excellent. (April 25)

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE(1970) A lot of ranting and raving and some bows to racial injustice. Martin Ritt's film, about the black world heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, touches rather than examines issues. Ritt's stagey direction transfers the Pulitzer play all too faithfully. James Earl Jones and Jane Alexander, as well as the sketchy story of American racism before World War I, make it worth seeing. (April 26)

FACES(1968) John Cassavetes insistence upon improvisation and "witnessing" seemingly meaningless details creates by recording the thousands of little and often pathetic gestures that comprise the real drama of our lives. Still the director's best film, *FACES* is one of the darkest illuminations of human behavior, but certainly one of the most important films of recent years. With outstanding performances by Lynn Carlin, John Marley, and Seymour Cassel.

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID(1973) The studio

recut it, supposedly ruinously, destroying the editing and rhythm, cutting off the ending in which Garrett is killed.

James Coburn drifts through his role and Kris Kristofferson's beautiful chest does little to undermine the mythical stature of a small man, Billy the Kid. (May 3-5)

CINEMATexas

HIS GIRL FRIDAY(1940) Women's Lib can look back with pride at Rosalind Russell's role in this Howard Hawk's movie about a moxie female reporter. Fast, snappy dialogue and Cary Grant. (April 23)

A KING IN NEW YORK(1957) The last film in which Chaplin starred, it was only released this year. The critics were appreciative rather than enthusiastic, pointing out the beautiful passages and the importance of the film because, after all, it reveals Charlie Chaplin. The film contains some of Chaplin's thoughts — evidently visualized with appropriate sharpness — on blacklisting and the Fifties. (April 24, 29)

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS(1939) One of the funniest Thirties comedies, directed by Howard Hawks. With Cary Grant and Jean Arthur. (April 25)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS(1941) America's great comedy director Preston Sturges tackles the story of a high-brow director who wants to make a movie about poverty. Sturges gets a little too serious at times, but,

as always, the film bristles with the director's peculiarly sharp wit. With Joel McCrea. (April 30)

A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG(1967) What else to say but that Chaplin was getting old and his hand unsteady. Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren are grotesque in this film that never should have been made. (May 1)

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES(1946) William Wyler's tribute to the returning soldier is his most famous film of the Forties when he was regarded as one of the best American directors. With Fredric March, Myrna Loy, and Dana Andrews. (May 2)

UNIVERSITY FILM PROGRAM COMMITTEE

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR(1970) Richard Attenborough's musical satire of war

manages some brilliant sequences, but too often comes off heavy-handed or idiotic. Nevertheless, an interesting film worth seeing. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, and many others. (April 24)

DERBY(1972) Robert Kaylor's much, much-acclaimed documentary about that modern phenomenon, the roller derby. The film made several ten-best lists but didn't do well at the box office. In short, this may be the only chance to see it. (April 25)

GOING DOWN THE ROAD(1972) Another film that few people saw, but the critics raved about Donald Shebib's supposedly lyrical and unpretentious little movie. (May 1)

NINOTCHKA(1939) The story is all fluff, but Greta Garbo is mystifying. Certainly one of the best evenings ever spent with a great actress. Ernst Lubitsch directs. (May 2)

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By Barbara Longeway

Bamboo shoots & borscht

Hunan's Chinese Restaurant, 9300 N. Lamar, is a mighty long bike trek from the Tower but worth the trip when you're craving egg rolls. Look for it on the left in a shopping center (a setting which provides automatic customers — people coming in to shop and carry on business).

Decor is Mott's Five-and-Dime Chinesey, but what do you expect from a slot in a suburban shopping center. It's a weird locale for somebody trying to serve gourmet food.

Features include a family-style service where everyone at the table orders something different and shares. Good idea for sampling several dishes, priced at \$4. Lunch is also available from 11 a.m. till 2:30 p.m. with such regulars as sweet and sour pork or sweet and sour shrimp (\$2.25, others are \$1.75) with rice, wonton, egg drop soup, and tea. Service is also good.

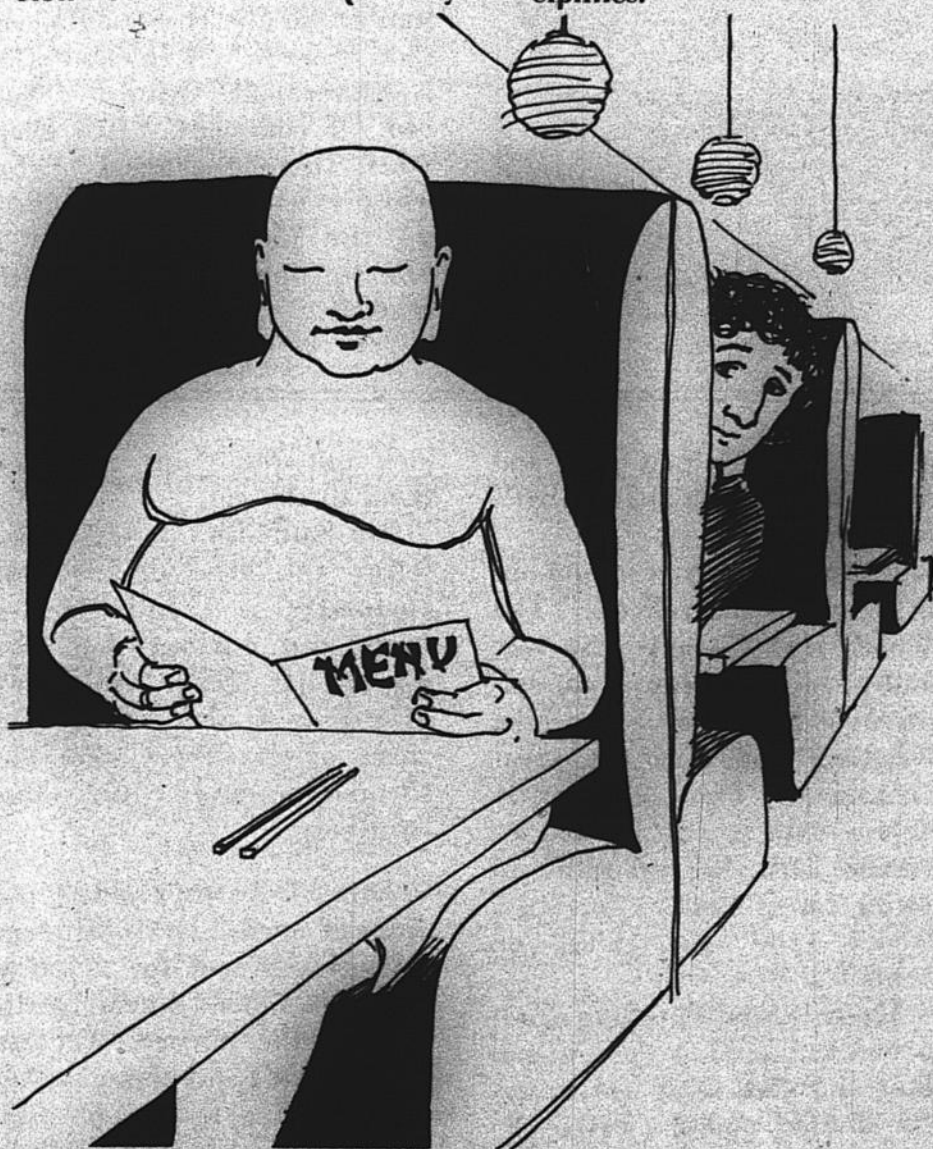
Side dishes — won-ton, soup, rice — are VERY, VERY good. But the tea is Lipton's — which I regard as an insult. Quality of the food itself is excellent. All fish comes from Quality

Seafood and all dishes with beef are made with flank steak. Much of the food is imported from San Francisco.

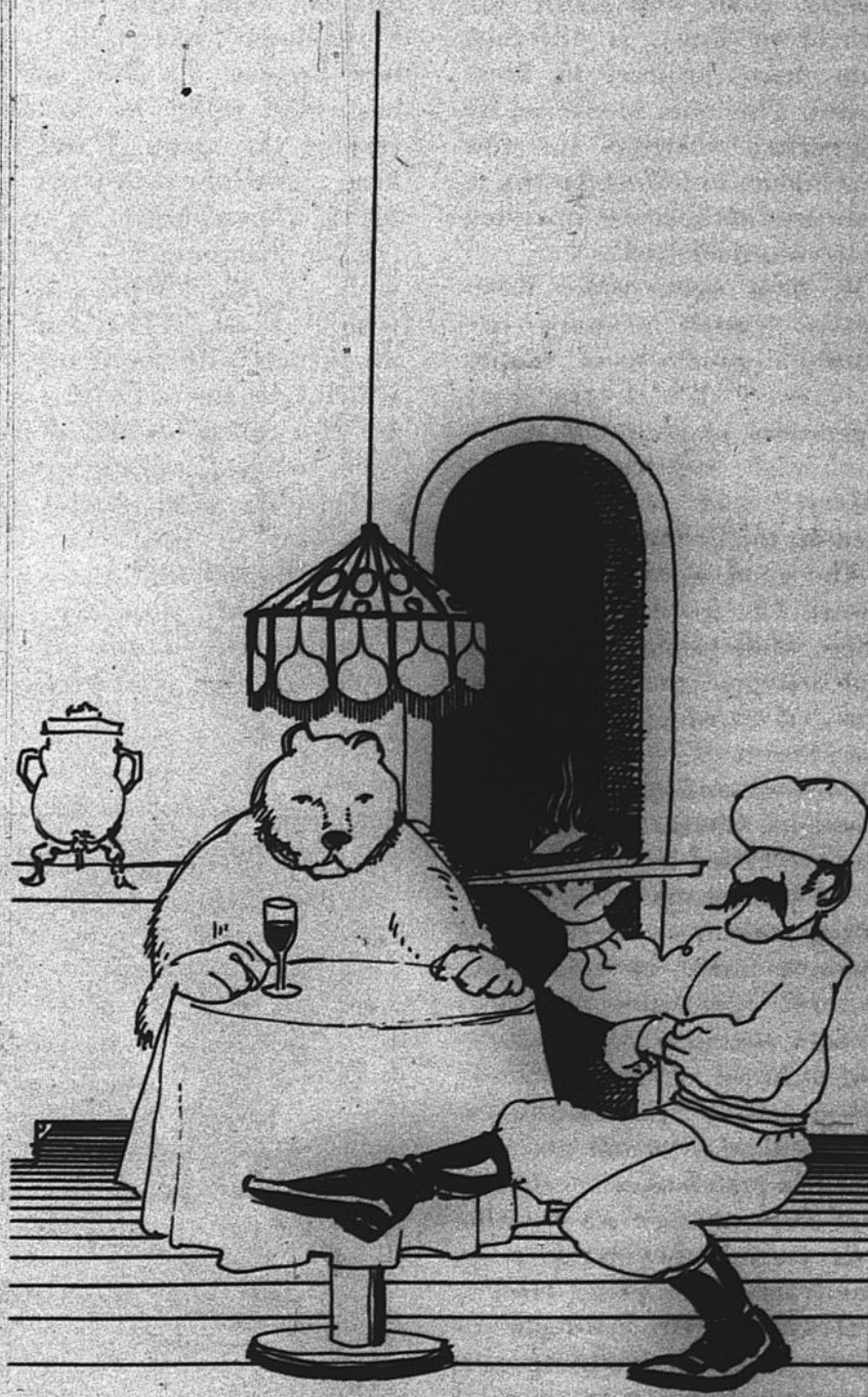
The menu is great hilarity, done in what can only be called pidgin English. I was embarrassed to ask about it — shrimp with lobster (really lobster) sauce. One of the least odd things was a heading "Combiration Platters" — it's completely misspelled, with a Chinese accent all the way through. Frank Yi, manager of the place, says the menu's just about the same as in New York. The menu includes just about everything you would expect a Chinese restaurant to have.

They have two cooks — One is terrific, one is OK. Hope you get the terrific one, or you might as well have gone to Chow Soon.

Yi has a degree in library science. He and his wife came to Austin, among other reasons, so that she could study for her MBA at UT. Being familiar with poor college folk, they hire a lot of students in all disciplines.



PEARL April 1974



Art by Bob Mills

Sasha's gets superlatives all the way through. Opened in October, 1972, on 38th Street, it moved to its present site downtown at 311 W. 6th in March of last year. (It's closed at lunch the next ninety days for remodeling.)

A gaslight-era eclectic decor — Tiffany lamps, authentic stained glass windows fashioned by Renaissance Glass Co., and an old timey bar set the stage for relaxation. None of the chairs match; some of the tables are copper-topped; soft long-haired music soothes the psyche and adds to the overall pleasant atmosphere. Expect informal but very good service.

Sasha's proves that great things can be done with a small menu selection — Russian

(spicy) meatballs with mashed potatoes, Jaegerwurst and hot (indescribably delicious) German potato salad, a Russian Borscht (with numerous vegetables besides beets), and pork chop plate, and (the most expensive) Wiener schnitzel. All are served with a terrific onion-and-spinach salad. Appropriate Slavic wines and a good bar are also available.

But, whatever you do, taste the desserts. Linzer torte and bavarian cakes vie for attention with blintzes (raspberry is number one, followed by chocolate rum, sweet cheese, blueberry brandy, apricot, and strawberry). Coffee (the garden variety, not exotic) is steamy, hot and a delicious accompaniment to any dessert. O

CLARKSVILLE

Clarksville Fast Foods and Bakery, 1015 West Lynn (off Enfield or 15th), is different from many projects in West Austin. This one, sponsored by Concerned Citizens for the Development of West Austin, is a successful business operated on a volunteer basis.

In their spare time, West-Austin youth prepare the bakery's goods from family recipes. "We'll try any suggestions or recipes that you think might be workable for the bakery," reads a hand-printed card on top of the bakery case.

The good word is spreading about Clarksville's bakery. Their whole-wheat bread, sold and delivered to co-ops across town, is earning a reputation for them with its many wholesome and good-tasting ingredients. Orders for cakes and pies are called in daily.

Such home-made delights — smack your lips — pecan puffs, coconut puffs, chocolate-chip cookies, brownies, oatmeal cookies, oatmeal cake, whole-wheat bread, and granola are baked daily by the volunteers. For a dime you can get two, monster-praline-sized cookies that don't, thank God, crumble apart the minute you take them out from under glass. They're real chewy. Brown sugar or honey or maybe it's the pecans make you buy just two more.

The only employee for the operation is the manager and fast-foods cook, Floyd

Bertchers. Tall, lanky, Afro-headed, and quiet-spoken, Floyd doesn't have time to rap now because it's 5:30 and he has orders rollin' in. So, after reading the menu, I roll him one. Chilicheeseburger — \$1.25, cheeseburger, lg,sm — .75, .55; hamburger — .50; fish wish — .55. "What's a fish wish?" I ask. "That's a fish sandwich with anythang you which," he answers with a grin. He's for real so I 'which' for lettuce, tomato, and mustard.

Thirty-six mustard-silled windows set in two rows of a squashed-brick wall that is partly-corrugated aluminum distinguish the front of the building. Dried paint streaks ac-

cidentally decorate a few windows. Others are blacked out by hand-lettered cardboard posters, and various community advertisements taped up from inside. Below and on either side of a red and white Coca-Cola name sign are doors. An aqua one, never repainted, is the entrance to the fast foods. Another, which matches the windows, is to the bakery.

Inside, orange vinyl-backed chairs are clustered around six tables on the putty-colored, but clean, linoleum floor of the fast-foods area. One of the white-painted, brick walls is covered with home-made collages. On another is a bulletin board with black and

white snapshots of customers and Floyd and friends and Floyd. Floyd can't be over 24.

A bookshelf to the right of the order counters is loaded with Wonder Woman-Batman-Vampire comic books donated by area residents. Six of eight customers, mostly University students, are fantastically-engrossed while waiting for their orders.

Mary Baylor has been devoted to the project as director and has been everything from manager, bookkeeper, treasurer, and cook to general fix-it woman for the past three years.

"The food idea caught on well," she explains. "At first, we just wanted a place for kids to be able to come and sit around and talk and eat — everything was to be voluntary. But now, it has turned into a business and we have had to hire Floyd."

In between questions Baylor checks on different projects in the mill, and even secures so many thousand feet of used lumber for the construction of the new Clarksville Neighborhood Center. "Not bad," I comment. "Just keep your fingers crossed," she whispers with a wink and hangs up the phone. "I will," I promise, and then my fish wish is ready.



photo by Stanley Farrar

The old building at 1200 West Lynn used to be a gas station. Then it was a rug cleaners. Then it died. But last year a new owner decided to give the building an entirely new character. He looked around on the inside, threw up a wooden partition, some wall paper and curtains, added a few tables and high backed chairs and there it was — the *Clarksville Cream Shop*.

Bill Kunz is owner, chief concocter, and sometime chess player in the place. Along with the usual sixteen flavors of ice cream to choose from, Cream Shop customers can order smoothies or hot-spiced cider

for cold or rainy days. In between licks and dips, there's music. Sometimes a few musicians who frequent the Shop give an impromptu concert. And a chess board is often set up and ready for eager opponents, chosen from UT students make up most of the Shop's clientele.

One regular, a St. Edward's student, comes in several evenings for chess and good conversation. "We're good buddies and I enjoy the easy-goingness of the Shop," says Kunz. "The only thing we have in common with the rush-service, chrome-and-stainless-steel places is the good ice

cream. I wouldn't sit down and talk with anyone there, that's for sure.

"A lot of life goes in and out of here," Kunz reflects. "The Woody Hills Co-op is next door and people are always wandering over here to sit for awhile. Neighborhood kids are great customers. They constantly devise ways to pay for the ice cream, with the end result of owing me a dime or buying a 'short cone' for about six cents."

Kunz is fond of telling about a man who used to come in and buy chocolate chip ice cream for himself and the cat inside his shirt. As he ate, he would

pick out the chips and feed them to the cat.

But Kunz isn't partial to the feline set. One of his best customers is Clementine, a large and curious dog who pesters her owner until she's offered a choice of coconut shake or strawberry smoothie. Clementine never could refuse strawberry.

One of Austin's oldest sections of town, Clarksville seemed just the spot for a folksy, hometown ice cream parlor around the corner. At least that's what Kunz thought. And more than a few people (and animals) are happy he did. O

4 Poems by J. Cox

and look here comes
a honey-colored sweet-tasting
honest-to-god no-bullshit woman
flowing into my space and time
and i move like a river to the sea
and like the music says
she takes me by surprise
she turns my head around
she blows my shit away

1.

2.

Do
anteaters
like
cunnilingus?
they all have six foot tongues
and give less thought to sex
than me
curious pathology
is it me or he?

mind tigers
beasts
monsters bumping
in the crystal black
of midnight tears
and in the light
of your pure flame
a little joy
ecstatic ease
my walls
can open wide
armor armor
throw away
i can love
someday...

3.

4.

pockmarked limestone walls
and pink-red azaleas
bring me erotic visions
everything does these days
is it me or the season
or the world itself
conspiring me to pain
fragmented and disoriented
i often love too much
and always love too many
scarred redwood tables
that only receive and
never try to give at all
and dogs that love anybody
they have it best

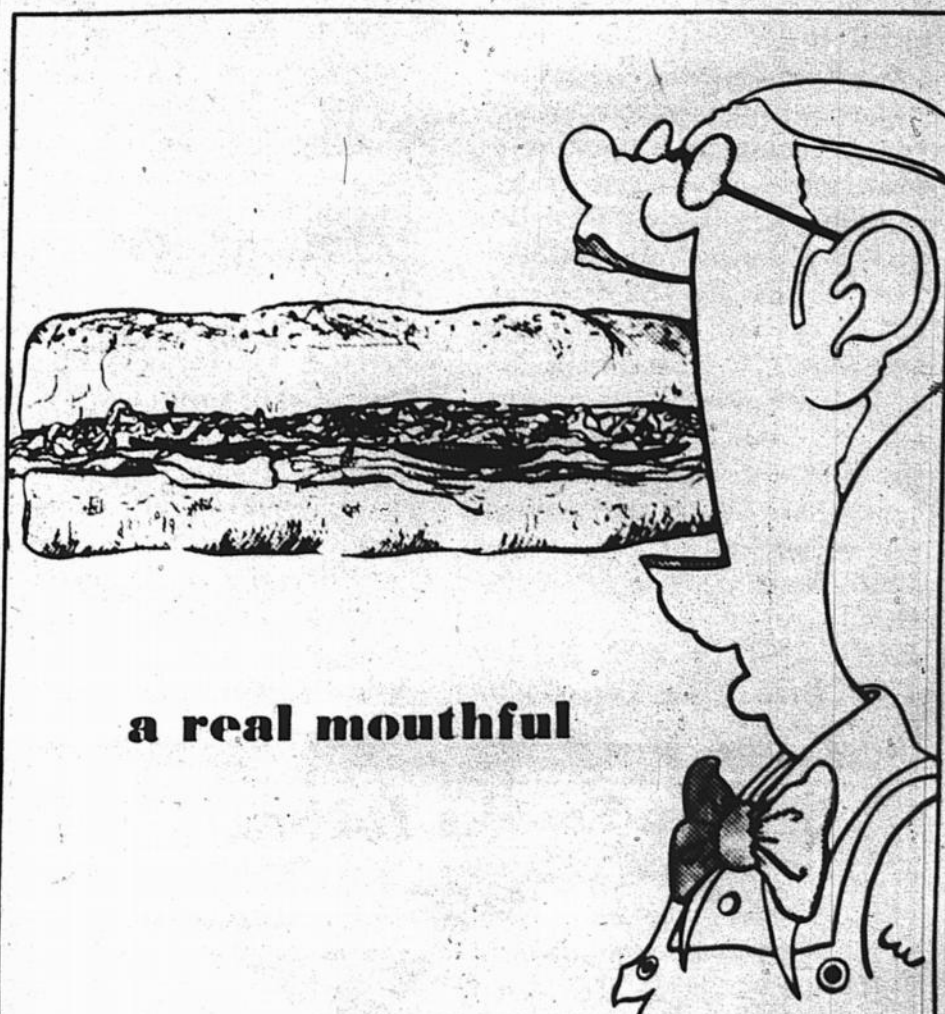
The Prodigal Son

When I returned it was
the evening of all
that day

the moon rising over
my younger brother comes with
the mare from the field

my father standing by his house
sure of his horses
at least

—Kerry Kimbrough



a real mouthful

the SamWitch shops

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Mind Over Meter

Edited By Dan Jones

Haiku

Ice bent broken trees
Cracking, tinkling in the wind
A blown glass forest.

Robins in the grass
Running — bumping together
Eating sleepy ants.

A small moth wingtorn
Now falls fluttering to earth
Like an autumn leaf.

—Bobby Hoffman

Late Aftermath

Now we look out of tiny windows,
Knee-deep in ourselves
Huddling on cheap carpet
And lately I've stood in a Sunday night
and cried for the week ahead —
Stood petrified and shrieked aloud
at the awesome week waylaid in ambush.
O o o !

My heroes all are dead or rich!
Old Black Joe is gone with angels,
left me here to sing.
(But I never had much voice,
and the words embarrass me now.)
For I have mouths to feed—
little mouths born nameless for the sake of flame
when I was at odds with history,
at odds with nothing but flailing youth
in love with rebellion for its sad self only.
So now we meet, the refugees at night
and talk of babies,
and old times,
And, sipping whiskey on cheap carpet,
flick on phony fires
and smile.
We who were children of the flame —
who, when the diapers and the rooms are changed
will,
in the splash of history.
still smoulder.

—From "The Pepsi Generation"
by David Hall

CANOE AD

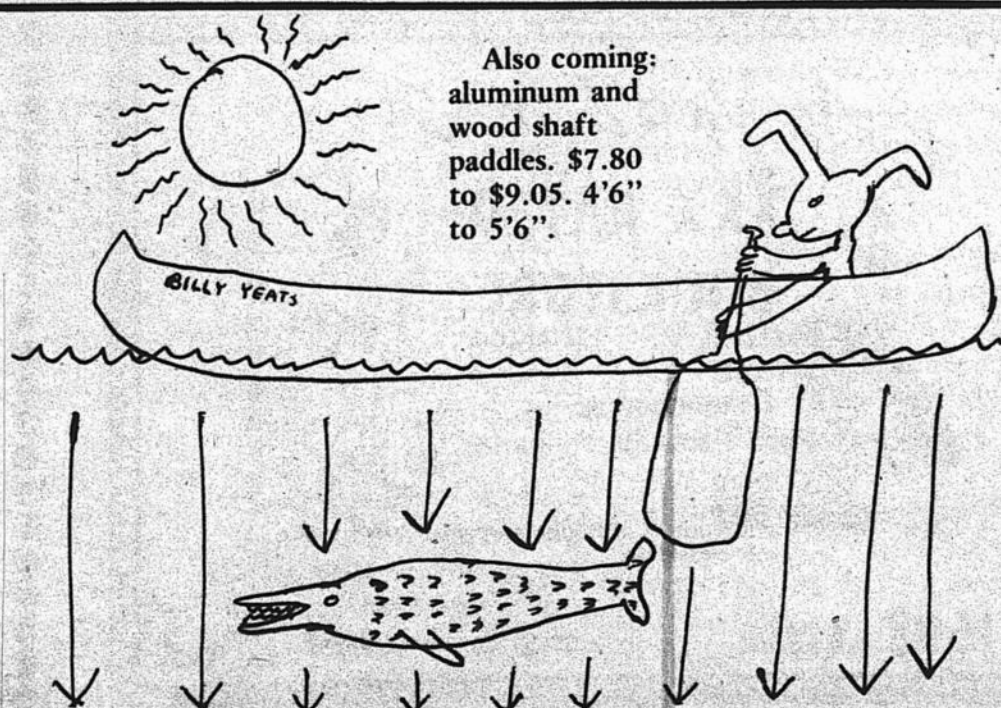
Here is a list of the canoes the Co-Op Outdoor Shop will have in stock soon:

Scout 15' Double End \$285.00
Pioneer 17' Double End \$299.00
Drake 17' Square Stern \$309.00
Challenger 17' White Water \$338.00

That was a list of the canoes the Co-Op Outdoor Shop will have in stock soon.



CO-OP OUTDOOR
SHOP 403 w. 23rd



Instructor Peabody settles down into his reading chair at his modest Austin apartment to grade a stack of term papers. "Boring snow jobs," he thinks. Midway through the lot, he picks up a paper that changes his mind. From the first paragraph, Peabody knows he is reading a professional piece of research. After all, he wrote it.

The above scenario is fictional, although it can easily happen and probably will happen as more students patronize two Austin term-paper companies which employ University faculty members as ghost writers. Since arriving in Austin a year ago, both businesses have prospered, and both are doing well by doing good, their managers say.

Fact Finders, 1906 Pearl St., sold copies of 500 term papers and arranged for 140 ghost-written themes last semester, says owner James Metzger.

A rival, Collegiate Research, Sixth and Congress, sold 178 papers over the same period, "but business is picking up," manager Fred Burbage notes.

Both companies offer catalogues of copyrighted research papers which can be obtained by mail in three to four days. Papers "on file" cost from \$2.50 to \$3 per page.

"Original research" entails hiring a ghost writer and costs approximately \$4 a page, of which half goes to the writer. Metzger claims to employ at least forty writers and researchers from the University, among them graduate students, librarians, and faculty members.

Both Fact Finders and Collegiate Research are offshoots of national term-paper companies. Fact Finders was founded by Metzger, who got into the term-paper business in 1972.

Collegiate Research is a descendant of Term-Papers Unlimited, the granddaddy company in this infant industry, which made a millionaire of its founder, twenty-year-old Ward Warren.

A dealership allows him access to a term-paper bank in New Jersey containing 38,000 papers, Burbage says. Burbage's office on the fifth floor of the Littlefield Building is bare except for a desk, a table, and a catalogue containing 38,000 titles.

"You pay \$2.95 a page for one of these papers," Burbage says as he thumbs through the computer-printout pages of the catalogue. Subject headings range from traditional college departments such as anthropology, psychology, or history — to topics of current interest such as "women's rights."

Both companies offer material for doctoral dissertations and master's theses as well. A completed thesis goes for \$2,000 and up, "because a person's reputation hinges upon the paper," Metzger says.

"The rate is usually \$10 or \$15 page. I've only sold one of them in Austin."

"Around most universities a master's thesis is easily faked. Libraries around the country have master's theses on file. You just make a photostatic copy. The chances of being detected are infinitesimal. But we never do it. All our theses are guaranteed originals. That's why they cost more than

PEARL April 1974

PAPER MILL

By Doug Burton

papers from other companies. If you want something good, you have to pay for it."

Metzger doesn't feel he is destroying academic standards by selling the papers. "I think the whole education system is garbage. If the system were not in such arrears, there would be no need for (bought) term papers ... The higher up you go in school, the less you are dealt with personally. A lot of people who come to me haven't done a specific paper because of personal problems. But a professor will not accept personal problems as a reason for not turning in a paper. He'll flunk the student. I have compassion for these people."

"This business wouldn't be so lucrative if so many term papers weren't being assigned," the regional manager for Collegiate Research said. Ward Warren got started after he noticed that some students were doing as many as eight to ten papers a semester.

"Professors get into this syndrome of using a term paper to pass a person in a course," he continued. "Take a senior engineering student taking a sophomore English course he has to make up. He'll have to spend a week in the library just getting sources for the paper. But he doesn't have time to do that if he has a heavy load."

"A student has so much time to devote to term papers, and that's it — so many books to read — and that's it."

In spite of academic pressures, most students do not use the theme-writing services. Both Metzger and Burbage say they would be satisfied with a clientele of one percent of the 90,000 students in the Austin area. Sales are not limited to Austin, however; Burbage receives orders from as far away as Iowa and Colorado.

"With 500,000 students in the state, Texas is the fifth best market in the country, and it is legal here," Metzger said.

The Texas legislature may prevent both companies from getting more than a toehold in the University community. Rep. Larry Vick, R-Houston, sponsored a bill during

the last session of the legislature which would prohibit any person to "sell or offer for sale to any person enrolled in an educational institution ... any assistance in the preparation, research or writing of a dissertation, thesis, or term paper."

Vick's bill, which died in the Senate Education Committee, would have added Texas to the five states which currently outlaw term-paper companies, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, and California. Vick plans to reintroduce the bill at the next legislative session.

Using bought term papers is definitely a violation of University rules. "Scholastic dishonesty" is punishable by suspension or even expulsion from the University.

Apart from an incident last May in which two customers of Collegiate Research submitted nearly identical term papers in the same course, University Provost Stanley Ross is not aware of any widespread plagiarism.

"Detection is difficult," Ross says. "Unless there are obvious indications of other sources, or if the student's performance is extremely unusual, the professor has no reason to suspect plagiarism."

Whatever the attitude of the University or the state, companies are planning to stay in Austin. "We haven't touched our market in Texas," one manager says.

Metzger pauses and looks from the restaurant window facing Guadalupe. "As long as there are students in college, there will be a good business," he concludes. By the window pass a surging, continual flow of young people.

"I like Austin a lot," Metzger says. "I like Texans on the whole. I prefer them to people in the East. Texans have scruples and morals, a very together people."

He smiles faintly. "Cheating" by using his term papers is an issue he resolved long ago. "I have no doubt as to how messed up the system is, but I have no qualms. Papers are here to stay until the educational system is changed." O

BUCKS FOR

EARN CASH WEEKLY BLOOD PLASMA DONORS NEEDED EARN \$10 WEEKLY CASH PAYMENT FOR DONATION

The newspaper ad of Austin Blood Components, Inc. offers men and women the opportunity to earn \$5 twice a week for blood donations. Not all prospective donors need the ad's reminder of how they can pick up "some easy cash."

One twice-a-week donor has let the habit of visiting the center get in his blood. He hangs around not only on days he donates, but on his days off hoping some of his buddies will drop by.

"It's ten bucks cash," he says stroking an unshaven chin. And they've got other deals, too. Like \$6 for takin' a tetanus shot ... and, yeah, a \$5 bonus on the tenth donation."

"Doesn't it hurt when you give?"

"What hurts most is this," he says as he rubs his hand on his jeans and then points to a needle-pricked forefinger. "Out in California where I used to give, they'd prick ya by the ear. It hurt less."

"Do they have a lot of places like this out there?"

"Thousands of 'em."

"Have you been giving a long time?"

He shrugs his shoulders and halfway nods his head.

"Why'd you come to Austin? You in school?"

He laughs and looks away muttering no.

"It's a long story. This buddy and I were hitchhiking from Santa Barbara to Eureka when these cops stopped us. They ran a check on me and found out I was wanted — for parole here in Texas. So I didn't have much choice. I came back.

"I'm off now," he adds quickly.

"So what do you do when you're not down here giving blood? Work?"

"Nah. I just stay stoned."

"You mean they can't tell if you've smoked or are doing stuff?"

"Nah. They take tests and all. But I just don't do it when I'm coming here."

Jeri Moore, manager of the Austin Blood Components, Inc. at 409 W. 6th, since it opened three years ago, claims, "We're pretty thorough with them. New donors are given a complete physical. There is a doctor on duty at all times. He gets their background and medical history and gives them a hepatitis test. The doctor is pretty thorough with them."

When an old donor comes in he signs in with his name and donor number. His chart and records are pulled. One of the employees (usually a licensed Vocational Nurse or lab technician) then checks vital signs — blood pressure, pulse, and temperature.

"We ask whether or not they have had a cold recently, been hospitalized, and are willing to donate — that sort of thing. We also take a hematic, protein, and their weight," Moore says.

"If something is wrong with the donor's plasma when Cutter breaks it down they let us know. In the last three weeks I'd say we only had seven people which we had to suspend temporarily."

(The commercial blood bank utilizes only the plasma — the watery substance of the blood, intravenously returning the blood cells to the donor. The plasma is sold to Cutter Laboratories of Berkeley where it is fractionated into useful components for medication.)

Cutter Laboratories is furnished with the donor's name and number on each bag of plasma, enabling them to trace the source in case of any problems, such as with the seven suspensions.

"There aren't any diseases transmitted through plasma but hepatitis. If any plasma here has signs of hepatitis, the plasma is destroyed and never goes out of the building," she assures.

Yet hepatitis tests are "not 100 percent effective, only about 35 percent," Bill Teague, director of Travis County Medical Society Blood Bank, says.

With this in mind the Austin volunteer blood bank discontinued paying donors for

blood in October, 1972. Aside from the hepatitis risk, economics played a weighty part in the bank's decision.

Travis County blood bank's donations help service 23 hospitals in a ten county area charging \$30 a pint for whole blood, \$20 for plasma. Of last year's approximate 13,000 pints of donated blood only twelve were rejected.

Teague feels "that volunteer donors are prone to tell the truth about their medical history because they may be giving for a friend or relative. With no one waving \$10 in their faces they aren't likely to 'forget' they once had hepatitis.

Ready cash for paid donors usually attracts persons who have no other means of subsistence. Often their diet and sanitary habits are poor which makes them more susceptible to contracting serum hepatitis. Exposure to hepatitis may even go unnoticed (unlike infectious hepatitis with its more visible and immediate impact on the body).

"One out of every 150 (transfusions) will cause a death from serum hepatitis in the over-forty age group. Much serum hepatitis in this country comes from paid blood donors," Senator Vance Hartke told the United States Senate when he proposed the National Blood Bank Act of 1973.

Travis County Medical Society Blood Bank has implemented other plans for encouraging volunteer donors. A Blood Security plan has been established to supply donors with a reduction in the cost of blood should they later need a transfusion. The volunteer blood bank has also helped sponsor the Alpha Phi Omega blood drive (April 23 - 25) on the University campus to generate a larger pool source and to educate donors about the simplicity and ease of giving blood.

"Too many people think of *Midnight Cowboy* where Jon Voight needed money in New York and all he had to do was lie down on a table and collect his ten bucks. People



and a half years. He then accepted a position at San Antonio College.

Colleagues in the Economics Department speak highly of Golfrey. He is a past president of the Texas Conference of the American Association of University Professors.

One of Connally's former students, Mary Male, presently a graduate student here, says, "He is one of the two best instructors in my college career, which has been a lengthy one."

Outside the classroom, Golfrey enjoys serious music. But he never acquired the rest of the family's fondness for country-western music. And his apartment reflects the influence of the year he spent at the National University in Mexico City, where he won a scholarship to study anthropology — decorated with Mexican sculpture and paintings, almost overflowing bookcases.

But his lifestyle is dominated by the learning process. "Do you think the *Columbia Journalism Review* would be useful?" "I've got to remember to renew my subscription to the *New York Review of Books*." "I wonder how I could acquire that I.F. Stone film for the government students?" "I'll be in Austin this afternoon to listen to that anthropologist speak." "I sure wish I could afford these books."

Though perhaps out of place on the ranch, Golfrey is right at home in academia.

The entire family maintains a good relationship with each other despite political differences. Gathering every Christmas in native Floresville, Golfrey admits there are some political debates, "But they are not allowed to get rancorous or divide the family."

While John was Secretary of the Treasury, Golfrey offered his brother no advice, "nor did he solicit it. Not being a monetary expert, I would not have had any technical advice to give," he said.

Golfrey last campaigned for a member of the family in John's 1962 gubernatorial race, when he set up campaign headquarters in Nacogdoches where he was then teaching.

Considering John's switch to the Republican Party, Golfrey says, "I'll stay with the party that offers the most serious opportunity for political reform."

What a way to talk. The term "Connally Democrat," once clearly stood for one who steadfastly support conservative Democratic state politics, even if his partisanship might waver in national affairs.

But the bedrock has deteriorated. John has crossed the fence. Golfrey is no Connally Democrat by any interpretation. Ironically, Golfrey remembers that 1928 was also a year that saw many Texas Democrats defect. "But Dad voted for Al Smith — Catholic and all. He never voted Republican.

Then have the Connallys suffered the same sibling rivalries and threatened egos that Texas Democrats have? How about that farm workers strike in '66; were there any hard feelings over Golfrey's taking part in the march? "Not that I know of," he says. "No comment or criticism was ever made by any member of the family about it."

Ronnie Dugger notes that while Golfrey is politically isolated from the rest of the family, he has never said anything critical of his brothers specifically, and respects their points of view, even though he often disagrees.

In describing the farm workers' march, *The Texas Observer* hinted at Golfrey's reluctance to create disparity:

The campus at St. Edwards University, where the marchers had stayed the night before their climactic three-mile march down Congress Avenue, was overflowing with people, signs, and a festive air Labor Day morning. Golfrey Connally, the governor's liberal brother ... was among the thousands who had gathered. "It's nice to be here," he said. Asked if he would march, he said, he'd be "straggling along somewhere." He was aware of the attention his presence caused, but said nothing provocative about that.

Golfrey Connally left the ranch, but not the fold. ○

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Among the crowds,
"joining the workers
to show support for their
very just demands," the governor
had at least one friend,
if not ally, his brother.

the Uncharacteristic Connally

By Geoffrey Leavenworth

Farm workers trudged north from the Lower Rio Grande Valley for 64 days and across 468 miles of scorching Texas. In Austin the ranks swelled to thousands for the final stretch up South Congress to the capitol. Marchers hoped to talk to the governor to seek a special session of the legislature: they wanted the minimum wage raised to \$1.25.

On that hot Labor Day in 1966, Gov. John Connally's name was often mentioned, but not with much grace among the farm workers. John Connally had previously said that he would not lend the dignity of the governor's office to a demonstration of that nature, and therefore would be unable to meet with marchers in Austin.

But among the crowds, "joining the workers to show support for their very just demands," the governor had at least one friend, if not ally, his brother Golfrey.

Even with the silver hair and brown eyes outlined by those heavy eyebrows, 54-year-old Golfrey doesn't look that much like a Connally. At six-foot-one, he is the shortest of the Connally brothers, and most resembles his mother. Lacking the boldly pronounced profile cast by the long straight nose and jutting chin that so typifies John, Merrill, Wayne, and Stanford, Golfrey Connally looks quietly distinguished.

Politically there is no family resemblance either.

Politics was often the topic of conversation at the Connally dinner table. Golfrey says, "Dad was not one to identify with the rich, he opposed them in local politics ..." But for four of the sons of John Bowden Connally Sr., who some people say looked a great deal like LBJ, ranching, business, and

politics would lead them to an appreciation of "the good life," as John Jr. once put it. They practice conservative politics.

Although the family's natural interest in politics did not escape Golfrey, the tendency toward conservatism did. *The Texas Observer's* Editor At-Large, Ronnie Dugger, who accompanied Golfrey in the '66 farm workers march, calls him "an overt liberal."

Golfrey has campaigned for Sissy Farenthold, Ralph Yarborough, and George McGovern. "Name a loser," he grins, "and I've campaigned for him."

On the other hand, John established his winning form in the 1962 governor's race, and was to reside in the governor's mansion for three terms. Wayne served in the Texas House of Representatives, and Merrill was a former Wilson County commissioner and judge.

Golfrey believes it was reading that initially led him astray from the family's political trail. Carmen Connally Hicks, the oldest of the seven children in the family, remembers that Golfrey "became bored with cowboys and Indians very quickly, and could be often found alone reading a book."

Carmen recalls that "he always had a very curious mind." She said that as a youngster he was small, and his younger brother Merrill and he were about the same size. "They used to wear the same size overalls. So in the morning, in order to determine whose clothes were whose, they would pick them up and judge which were heaviest, because Golfrey's pockets were always stuffed with things he had picked up the previous day."

Later, while at The University of Texas, Golfrey contracted tuberculosis from a

roommate. For the next five years he was bedridden and read extensively. "We were not a bookish family and I didn't have much guidance, so I read everything," he says.

In the years to follow he wavered between intermittent work, school, and illness. He sold insurance, worked for Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson's Austin radio station, and continued his education at the University.

As an undergraduate, Golfrey campaigned for older brother John's successful bid for president of the Student's Association.

He completed his BA in economics in 1948, and received his Masters in '55. But he was to have a long relationship with the University.

"I had become a professional student," Golfrey recalls. "I've probably had the longest student career at UT. Actually it has been a couple of years now since I was last registered at the University." Golfrey said the cause for the interruption was his participation in the '72 election campaigns. As his brother John was heading Democrats for Nixon, Golfrey worked for McGovern in his home precinct.

Golfrey, who is now an associate professor of economics at San Antonio College, had a teacher's attitude as a child. His sister Carmen remembers that he would guide visitors around the farm, and always warn them of the dangers in getting too close to the water tank.

"Having had an interest in books from early childhood, reinforced by my protracted illness, teaching seemed to be a natural for me," Golfrey says.

Golfrey first taught at Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches for four

BLOOD

By Lisa E. Smith



photo by Phil Huber

confuse us with that sort of operation," says Teague.

"They don't know that we voluntarily requested an inspector from the American Association of Blood Banks. And, of course, are registered with the FDA."

Teague's bank averages forty to sixty donors a day who are "usually in their late thirties or forties, male, blue collar workers — your average citizen. From ditch diggers to bank presidents."

Austin Blood Components, Inc. is "not allowed" to reveal how many donors it takes daily. Nor are they "allowed" to divulge the amount they get for their blood plasma.

Moore says she doesn't actually know how much. "This information isn't given out. It's in the contract with Cutter."

Yet her outfit has its fair share of donors. Rows of chairs in the waiting room are usually filled throughout the day. An overflow of donors lines the walls of the waiting room, sits on the room's entrance stairs, or leans against the window sills — waiting to give.

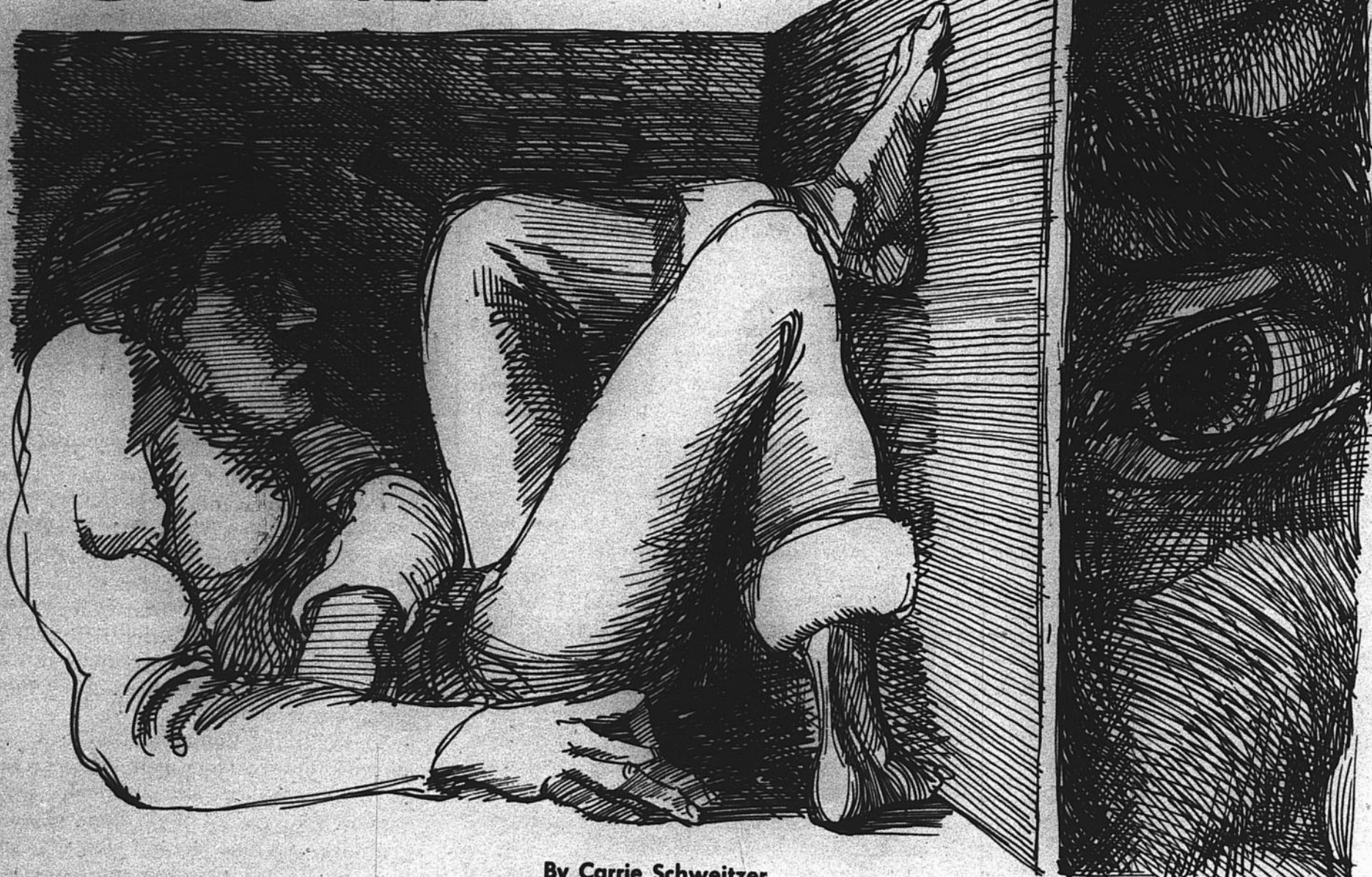
"Their business is booming," a secretary next door notes. "Have you seen their waiting room? It was packed, wasn't it? They're getting ready to expand it 'cause they need more room."

Moore confirmed the bank's plans for expansion and mentioned the consideration of increasing the thirty-bed facilities on the donor floor. But she sees little hope for the discontinuation of commercial banks, "although it would be nice."

The manager expresses a lack of faith in blood transfusions when she mentions she once had to have a transfusion and was worried because "there are too many diseases carried in the blood that can be transmitted." Her "concern" makes sense.

When the local blood shop is crowded with dope heads and the outside of the place looks like LIFE magazine photos of Skid Row, somebody somewhere needs to know. Don't know about you folks, but I'm gonna drive real careful and make sure plate glass doors are open before I run outside.

SLUMP



By Carrie Schweitzer

Art by Bob Milz

Dear Junior Student: Do you have run-down, out-of-sorts feeling? Does the sight of an IBM card or a course schedule force you to leave the room? Do you feel strangled by a semi-depression that quickens with every term paper assignment? At times do you find yourself more willing to drop out than face another free-for-all Add-and-Drop session at Gregory Gym?

If you can identify with one or more of these symptoms, you may be suffering from the widespread — and often contagious — *Junior Slump Syndrome*. Signs of the Syndrome can be detected in some students as early as their freshman year. However, it is the junior student who seems most vulnerable to the bouts with depression and indecision that characterize Slump.

Commonly referred to as the "To Quit, Or Not To Quit Blues," Slump has been the subject of countless family quarrels, hours of counseling sessions, and an occasional dissertation. In 1972, the American Council on Education estimated that four-year colleges have an attrition (drop out) rate of 41 percent, with that of larger universities slightly higher. At the University of Texas, 60 percent of withdrawals in the spring semester of 1971 were voluntary non-transfers.

Causes of the malaise are as varied as its victims, though personality and circumstance render the suffering student more susceptible than any droplet infection. Dr. Ted Hill, of the University Counseling Center, reports that students voluntarily withdraw from school because of financial

difficulties, problems with personal relationships that result in loneliness and depression, or grades.

"Many students are encouraged by their parents to come to college. They spend a year or two in school and find they're not ready for it, or they've got a low grade point average so they drop out before they're asked to withdraw," explains Dr. Hill.

In her doctoral dissertation, former University professor Judith E. Albino states that college women at the junior level tend to drop-out from fear of success. Dr. Albino's findings indicate that women become uneasy with their educational goals as graduation and the real world draw near. They begin to fear that success will not allow them to fulfill the feminine role that they feel men expect.

Facing the outside world can often bring on a good case of Slump for both men and women. For Jane Lepley, of Tyler, a summer accounting job with Atlantic Richfield in Dallas clinched her decision to drop out, at least for a while. "Dallas is what made me quit school in the fall. The people were too cynical. They just weren't ambitious. They thought the world owed them something."

Now back at school as a marketing major, Lepley does not fit Dr. Albino's paranoid image of college women. "I'm taking my real estate exam in March. By going to summer school I'll graduate in December and then on to Europe," she says with complete self-confidence.

Sometimes the fear of starting those eight-hour work days after fifteen relatively secure years in school is enough to keep

anyone slumping along. "The last act of school is finding that first job. It's the final test — the test that could change your life," says Mike Shannon, an exhausted, but persistent statistics major. "Dropping out sounds like a last resort. It just compounds my problems. It cuts back my time."

One of the most universal reasons for Junior Slump is boredom. After three years of the same routine, the University seems to run out of surprises.

"School was very boring and I could see no direction in it," says Jane Zinner, flicking the ashes from her cigarette. "I was only getting practical experience for teaching in one course, the others I could have done by myself," continues the former English major.

Although there are many cures for Slump, (known as "alternatives" in neurotic jargon) they generally are not prescribed. Individual relief — what will get you through the semester in one piece — is a matter of personal choice. Students who have experienced even the slightest ease of Slump will agree that making decisions is easier said than done.

"Sometimes all a person needs is someone to talk it out with to help them draw their own conclusions," says Hill.

The Counseling Center is staffed with twenty senior staff members who are PhD psychologists, and twenty junior members doing their doctoral training. The entire staff is willing to discuss students' problems. The Center also contains a career library to aid in choosing a career that best suits an individual's needs. A 24-hour telephone counseling and referral service is available

PEARL April 1974

Research assistance by Sally Jenkins

arms, or leaving the country. Large social movement is not evident, but you just have to keep working."

"What this means to us is that instead of working with group activities, we are more concerned now with cases involving individuals. You can fight a case for an individual and have it reflect on large numbers of people."

The women's movement is the arena of real action now. Carol Oppenheimer, a re-

ment discrimination is of real importance, but if it ends there we may never get around to asking questions like, 'Is this work really worth doing and is it important to me and my society?' " The women's movement will be successful if it doesn't stop at the front door, she says.

Oppenheimer says that more important than women's issues is challenging the quality of public institutions which are supposed to serve the people — like prisons,

up with lack of opportunities. There are plenty of people who would do it if they could.

"It's not the students' fault that they won't go into Movement law or even liberal law. There are no programs and no funds for this sort of thing. They either must be very bold and have the financial backing to get started or they have to go with the established type law firm." VISTA has places for lawyers. A \$3,100 yearly salary makes it unattractive, though.

"What's surprising," she says, "is to watch certain 'radical' law students shed their skins and sell out to a \$40,000 job when they leave school." She admits, though, that in the end the responsibility for this situation lies with society. "There's hardly any way to help people who are down and out and feed yourself at the same time."

So, in the lawyers' eyes the Movement is alive and well, but invisible to the naked eye. They don't expect to leap over mighty issues in a single bound, fly faster than a speeding bullet into the heart of the unperfected system, or smash the state with the power of a steam locomotive. As Simons puts it, they are "hanging in," plugging away at every opportunity.

The most important thing now, they say, is to continue challenging the way we live and the way we value life. They say people should keep looking around.

"We have to see that every institution we have in our lives is tainted with the very personal desires of certain people. Also, we are all implicated in a racist society. If we don't do something about it, higher ups certainly won't." Oppenheimer says we should sit in on trials to find out what "justice" really means. She also encourages people to experiment with cooperative ventures and keep in perspective that co-ops are not solutions in themselves, but are ways of "getting it together in an alternate way and working at something that's a new sort of counter-institution."

"To keep the Movement alive, people have to work together to see that they can be effective and that we do have it in our power to make changes." O

It's not a gentlemen's sport. You go in, roll up your sleeves, and slug it out.

Jim Simons, lawyer

cent grad of UT's law school, says that any time a woman feels she's been discriminated against she probably has been. "We've been so conditioned not to see these things. The important thing about bringing legal action in a case of sex discrimination is that it puts a spotlight on the issues. It puts pressure on, gets people moving, and makes them look at their own situation."

Both Simons and Oppenheimer emphasize that legal action is only a tool. "Changes you can get through the legal system," says Simons, "are half-assed and stop-gap. I don't think for a minute that the courts will offer any significant institutional changes. We got into this business to back up groups who could."

Oppenheimer points out sex discrimination as an example of how law is not an end-all. "It's illegal to discriminate against a woman in a job," she says, "but there is no law to prevent a husband from decreeing that his wife must stay home as a housekeeper. The struggle against employ-

state hospitals, schools for the retarded, even public schools, and hospitals. "This may really be a reformist position," she says, "but I see it as a radical challenge."

"These institutions are run not to meet the needs of people, but to meet the needs of profit. The public deserves better, and challenging these institutions raises into focus a better view of what the public sector should look like." She says it's people who are beginning to question the import of their jobs who are setting the trend. The employees of public institutions are beginning to say, "Look, we can't do our jobs because the institutions aren't set up for that." This is an exciting trend, she says, when they begin to see themselves as members of a potentially better society.

Oppenheimer lectures at the law school and finds the response to what she calls her "biased" courses enthusiastic. But recruiting young lawyers into Movement work is difficult. "It's sad to see a lot of students who start out with high ideals end

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LAWYERS WITH MORE GUTS THAN MONEY

By Robert Gouldy

The Movement, which we so painfully and eagerly forged in the Sixties, is losing its mobility. No single cause or collection of causes has erupted recently with enough force to channel people back into the huge political caucuses typical of the Movement. But a new breed of worker, the Movement lawyer, emerged during the Sixties and is still jousting with big business and big government in the name of the people.

They still swing away at nearly immovable villains with a stamina and track record which would impress Don Quixote, but their numbers are small — there never were that many Movement lawyers to begin with.

Their roots lie in the Movement itself as a response to the legal hassels which Movement people inevitably faced. (The seed for Movement law was planted in the Thirties by the National Lawyers' Guild, nearly red-baited out of existence during the McCarthy era.)

In Austin, Movement lawyers banded together, eight strong, defining their law practice as "a conscious identification with progressive political activity."

One lawyer, Jim Simons, says, "We consider ourselves a part of the Movement. Our lawyering comes second. We got into this because we wanted to apply our skills to something we believed in and I can't think of many other lawyers who could or would say that."

In the legal profession some people look down their noses at a lawyer who associates with and defends people in trouble. "It's considered low brow," says Simons. "It's not a gentleman's sport. You go in, roll up your sleeves, and slug it out. And sometimes it literally comes to that."

Take the defense of the Gainesville Eight, accused of conspiracy to disrupt the Democratic convention in Miami. Two of Austin's Movement lawyers, Cam Cunningham and Brady Coleman, were on the defense team and carried the Movement right into the courtroom. The day the end of the war was announced, Cunningham and Coleman asked the judge to call a sixty-second silence in honor of peace. The motion was denied. The defendants and their defense team stood for the minute anyway, drawing one of the scores of contempt citations they got from the judge. But in the end they came out smiling those great big old not-guilty smiles.

On their agenda for the summer is the defense of American Indian Movement leaders who are facing trial because of the Wounded Knee takeover last spring.

Another member of the law office, Bobby Nelson, acted as council for Gay Liberation in a suit recently won against the University which refused to recognize the group as a campus organization. Simons says he didn't see the gay lib suit as a Movement issue at first. "But I started looking at it and saw some very important questions in it that

affected a lot of people. It was definitely a political case."

You bet it was. The University slammed the door on the National Lawyers' Guild itself not too much later. NLG was denied access to University facilities because the Guild endorses a radical philosophy.

The case was lost in district court because, says Simons, "The judge looked at the situation, saw on one hand a group of radicals and on the other hand a group of influential, wealthy regents, and found a way to give the decision to the conservative group." He says the decision was irrational and expects a reversal in appeals court.

With the rise of large activist groups, the law office got off the ground. Draft resistance cases were a big thing. SDS was at its peak as was the black movement through SNCC. Lawyers were involved in the Weedon service station bust in '68, the Chuck Wagon hassle in '69, and massive demonstrations of the early Seventies. With the war out of the way, the draft dead, leftist organizations in mild paralysis, and the black movement concentrating on day care centers and food programs, where do the Movement lawyers fit in?



"I think we've hit one of those lull periods, like the Fifties, where people are discouraged about politics," says Simons. "Interest will be revived, hopefully before the end of the decade. Where are we going now? I don't think anybody is despairing to the point of going underground, taking up

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for students that need quick information or an even quicker listening ear. Faculty and residence hall advisors will usually take time to answer questions or just talk.

"For some students, getting involved with groups is very helpful," Dr. Hill says. "The activity itself is not as important as getting in touch with other people and themselves."

The last, but not the least chosen alternative, is to drop out — quit, escape, hide,

and hopefully maintain. Survival may mean travel, finding a job, or just a simple "return to the womb" trip home.

Business School dropout, Stephen Alan Katz, is now working for State Representative Larry Bales. Another BEB runaway, Derek Watson is trying to raise his grade point through a correspondence course. Jim Cooper, a sophomore real estate major who slumped out early, thinks being out of school is almost like a vacation. "It's kind of

nice to say 'Wow, I don't have to study,'" he exclaims.

"Many students haven't really thought about taking a year off to try other possibilities and then decide if the University is really for them," says Dr. Hill. He feels the push throughout the Sixties to go to college is beginning to subside and that the value of a college education is being re-evaluated.

For years it has been all too easy to brush off slumbers as immature under-achievers. However, there is presently a movement in academia to switch emphasis from the harsh term "dropout," to the more subtle, "discontinuous student."

"These days more students are leaving school with intentions of coming back to finish their degrees," says Dr. Margaret Berry, University Vice-President of Student Affairs. "It's really not a dropping out, but a stopping off. They come back revitalized. Their education takes on a new meaning because they are able to draw from their out-of-school experiences."

Tracing freshmen through a four-year college, a national survey indicates that 65 to 70 percent of the entering class eventually received BAs from someplace. The University Counseling Center figures that 60 percent of the counseling students who decide to drop out return to complete their degrees.

Now working for the University Library System, Zinner has found that like school, work too has its disadvantages. "The bad thing about work is you can't blow off classes and play during the day. You can only look out the windows," she says. "If I can make enough money this semester I'll try to go to summer school instead of waiting until fall."

Almost as an after-thought she adds that everyone should take a semester off to help them appreciate school. With this statement Lepley agrees.

"Working this fall was too easy. Anybody off the street could do it. It makes you want to develop your mind and skills and you like yourself better knowing your mind's not stagnating," she says brightly. "Anyway I was beginning to get lazy — almost too comfortable."

... Almost too comfortable. Hear that Slumpers — and try not to weep. Chin up! The facts are before you and peace of mind is at hand. With a little help from modern science, friends, and a lot of good old-fashioned gritting of teeth, you shall overcome. O

PORTRAIT OF A SLUMPER

Gathering up his thoughts before he begins, he speaks softly and quietly, shrugging his shoulders, consciously trying to put a year's questions into perspective.

"I always kept saying to myself — at the end of this semester, or this summer, or when I finish this — then I'll try to get myself together. Finally I realized that I had to quit to have enough time to think.

"I was unsure of my major and getting too far along to keep going that way. My grades weren't anything to be proud of — I just couldn't study. My roommates partied all the time, everyone was always getting stoned. I worked for a while, so I couldn't stay up and study. Anyway, I really didn't want to."

These thoughts and feelings belong to one of 40,000 anonymous faces — one person's struggle to discover himself, to think through a part of his life and perhaps even plan a little of it. Not unusual or especially complicated thoughts; in fact, quite common thoughts. They could be yours.

"Some of my friends who quit school the first semester told me that I should go ahead and drop out if I was thinking about it. But I still wanted to try and work things out during school.

"I was taking physics and chemistry and my grades were really depressing. When it came time for pre-registration there was nothing I wanted to take. I thought about it, then I just didn't pre-register.

"I called my parents that week and told them what I'd done. Their first reaction was, 'What's wrong?' I just told them the way I was feeling — that my heart wasn't in it, or my head either. Well, then they wanted me to come home, but I needed to stay in Austin. I can't ever accomplish anything at home. They asked me if I planned on going back to school, and I said, yes."

After a silent pause, he adds, "I hoped the whole thing wasn't a mistake.

"Over Christmas I went to upper New York. I'd never been East before, so the whole thing was a new experience. It was a good break before coming back to work here."

Now back in the University environment — what happens? After so many years under the protective wing of the educational system — what happens?

"I'm looking for a job and it's kind of depressing not finding anything. I worked spring rush at the Co-Op, and when I saw all those people jammed in, and the pressure they were under to get their books, I was so relieved to be out of that.

"I've been going to the Health Occupations Office and finding out about careers I think sound interesting. I think I'd like to be a technician, or something related to cytology (study of cells).

"I've been reading more now. I could never finish anything when I was going to school. And I'm trying to read things I'm interested in. I know that I've got to start learning and studying now if I'm going to do well when I go back in the fall.

"Being out I can observe other people and see their efforts and their results. I'm intent on being a study-bug next year. I'll have to spend a lot of time at the library because I can't study at home.

"I've played every semester since I got here and now I need to cut that out. I've realized I can do without it for a while."

Finally, he says simply with quiet assurance, "About quitting school; if you need to do it, do it."

But if, he makes it all sound easy, he's kidding himself. Decision-making is a bitch. It's never cut and dried. And you constantly wonder if you did the right thing.

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Sandy and Bob had gone steady in high school and had been engaged since their junior year. After graduation, Bob's parents coerced him to come to The University of Texas, while he would have preferred a more simplistic life. Sandy had never considered college for herself, but her conservative family wouldn't permit her to come to Austin to live alone. So they married.

Sandy worked at an office job. A year and a half later, a baby was born. Parenthood was the last thing Sandy and Bob were hoping for right then. But they muddled through until Bob graduated. They had talked about what they would do after graduation, about building their own home, for which they would design the interior decor. But by graduation, Bob had not looked for a job.

They moved in with Sandy's parents while Bob took summer courses at S.M.U. Sandy was disappointed and bitter that Bob was not fulfilling her expectations, and she was embarrassed.

"I didn't really express this because I felt it would be unfair to bother him. I put away my expectations because I felt it was my duty to be understanding," Sandy says now.

When they came back to graduate school at UT, the baby was old enough for Sandy to get out more. She hung around campus a lot and, for the first time, learned what a "university community" was like. She secured a loan and took some freshman courses, in which she excelled. As her husband continued the pattern of pursuits begun and then abandoned, Sandy was discovering her own strengths and capabilities. They became more sociable.

"Once we got into rap groups, we began verbalizing. It became 'the thing' to be honest, rap about complaints. All those years we had talked plenty, but had never really communicated. Now, the times and circumstances brought to the surface deep feelings. I had been bombarded with so many future-oriented plans that had gone 'ka-flooy' I decided that further plans with my husband were impossible. The uncertainty was too much. With my new-found freedom, I knew I could make it on my own."

Can a marriage happily survive school? How many couples, when college is over, can honestly say, "It was well worth it"? How many can say, "School hasn't damaged our marriage"? How many wives, if they had it to do over again, would work and live in Brackenridge to put their husbands through school?

In most cases, it is the husband who goes to school while the wife works. Her role is dichotomous. She often feels she is an appendage, an extension of her husband and his ambitions, but her attitude and cooperation often determine his success or failure. She reacts on two different levels.

"I know that if my husband is going to get anywhere, he needs his degree," she says on an intellectual level. "It was a joint deci-

sion for us to come here for him to study and I am willing to work and sacrifice to enable him to get through."

On the other hand, she reacts emotionally and screams, "It's not fair!"

Because the wife works and often has small children, and because the husband holds down at least a part-time job, besides his full-time studies, there is little time for them to spend together or with the children. Both suffer guilt pangs — both toward the children and toward each other.



"He can't simply put the family in a drawer someplace and expect, years later, to go back and find them exactly as he left them," one wife protests.

Actually, school is not all drudgery, and there are ways to cope. A couple can window-shop, play tennis, talk together while doing the laundry.

"When a couple has free time, she ought not to go off and coffee klatch with the girls and he out to drink beer with the boys. They ought to do something together," suggests Dr. Robert Ledbetter, of the Mental Health Clinic at the Health Center.

There are plenty of free activities around the University. Dr. Ledbetter says that many couples were delighted when they discovered the co-rec program at the women's gym.

"When they start attending that regularly it gives them something to look forward to together each week," he says.

When the man rigidly wants to do his thing and the woman, hers, each expecting the other to bend, something's got to give, or they each go their separate ways. One husband tried his best to make his wife into the outdoor type who would enjoy his favorite sport, canoeing. She did love horses, but was basically the indoor type and loved to read. With counseling, they found something they both could be enthusiastic about — sailing.

"Don teaches and has office hours, and in his 'spare time' he works on his dissertation," the wife of a T.A. says. "But he saves Saturday and Sundays for the family."

Hal, who is working on his PhD, is active in Indian Guides with his sons, and has taught them to repair bicycles expertly. They camp as a family.

Should the couple enjoy life more as they go along, thus prolonging the date of graduation, or should they sacrifice everything now in order to get through sooner and get out? Money may be the factor that decides. It is almost the one that complicates.

"Without an outside source of income we couldn't make it," admits one couple.

"We couldn't live on my salary even though I work fulltime," says a wife. "If Tom weren't a T.A., we just couldn't get along."

One mother of two children tells how they have borrowed \$7,500 and will be ten years paying it off.

She also tells of paying off the debts incurred in the delivery of her first child on the child's sixth birthday.

Living in married-student apartments seems to have an advantage — other than economy — over living in a single apartment. While all the units do look alike, while the place, at least at Brackenridge, is run-down and full of roaches, and while the walls are anything but quarrel-proof, most of the tenants agree that there is an element of life there that they value.

All are bound together by common problems and a common goal: to get through and get out. They suffer together over grades and financial troubles. They share babysitting, household gadgets and tools. They help each other repair cars and air conditioners. They sell and trade like gypsies. They take on the challenge of making a drab place look inviting.

One family from a distant state was not a vital part of the community until their 2½-year-old girl developed meningitis and died. The tragedy brought them more completely into the community at Brackenridge as the other families gathered around to support them in their grief.

In some cases, the switching of the wife's role to breadwinner creates back-and-forth feelings of guilt and resentment, Women's Lib notwithstanding.

Hard feelings arise when the couple can-

PEARL April 1974

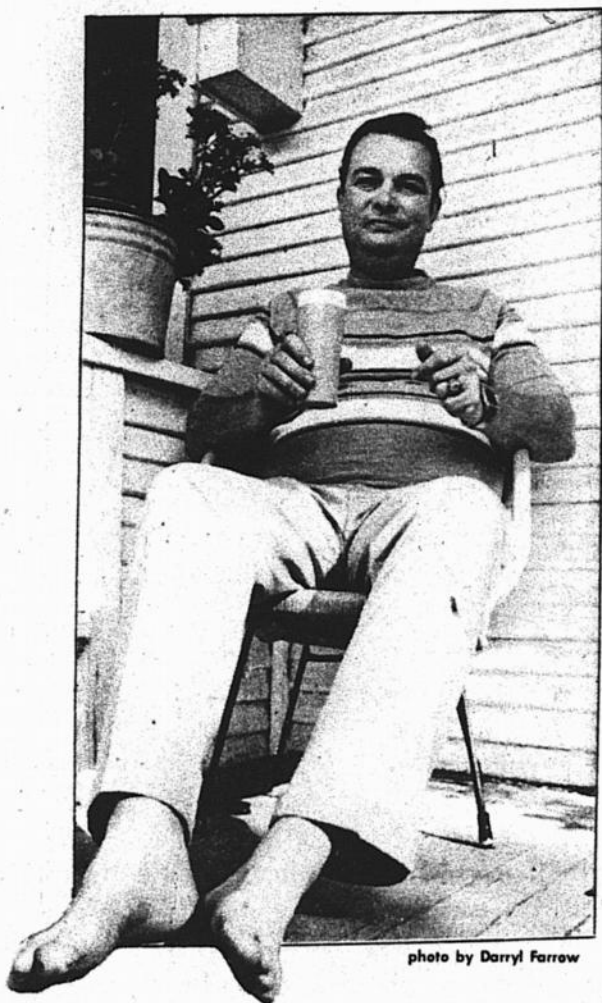


photo by Darryl Farrow

He dodged duty and forged sick slips. And at one point George hatched a plan to put him and his kind out business. He would plant a nuclear weapon at the UN during Krushchev's visit, he told friends, and destroy the assembled world leaders unless they agreed to an international peace treaty.

On the night of December 6, George called home. "Mom, I can't take it anymore," he told her. "I will not help them kill. I got to get away." He deserted.



Mr. and Mrs. Gessner sit on the couch opposite George and watch their boy fondly.

Mr. Gessner used to be a bomber pilot. He brings out all his service records and jumps between George and me to tell me about the day his squadron was inspected by Gen. Billy Mitchell. George sends him for some more Hill and Hill.



Art by Bob Mitz

Michael Levy
Texas Monthly publisher

There's a certain amount of power for any kind of medium. But with us, it's very important that we don't take advantage of that power. You just put out a magazine that obviously has no bias. That's the best way for us to make money.

We're not out to move mountains, we're out to put out a good magazine. People who accomplish things in this state aren't interested in power.

Mrs. Gessner once worked on a military base in San Diego. She was there on Pearl Harbor day. "Something that very few people know — because they *hushed* it up — is that San Diego was shelled by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor day," she informs me. "Two Japs were caught in Seal Bay. A Marine German shepherd dog tore one's throat out and the other one climbed a tree and was captured.

"No, no," she reminds George emphatically, "the Japanese are not stupid. You will do well to tread lightly and watch your back."

Mr. Gessner, again beside her after locating the Hill and Hill, thinks again of Gen. Mitchell and begins crooning "I'll be home for Christmas...."

"Oh! Put your foot in your mouth and suck it!" she suggests.



After leaving Ft. Bliss, George hitchhiked across the border into Juarez and bused to Mexico City. Presenting his training manuals to introduce himself, George contacted the Russian Embassy. He sought the Czech, Polish, and Cuban representatives in Mexico City, trying to get a visa. He was refused and continued on through Central America.

In Panama, George was arrested for his desertion and returned to Ft. Hood. He was questioned for more than two months. The base chaplain, secretly working the interrogative force, pleaded with George "to come clean with the Lord."

George broke on June 7 and confessed to having passed secret weapons' information to the Russians.

The prosecution asked for George's death. The jury deliberated for four hours and decided on the first ballot. George stared blankly as they sentenced him to life.



"Possibly I'm an influential person — with the letters. I don't think you can wield much power anymore."

Have you ever thought about entering politics, I ask.

George examines me for a long second like I must have swallowed a stem of loco weed and four pages from *1001 Jokes*.

"Ha-Ha. If you — ever — get tangled up with any of the intelligence agencies, nobody will touch you with a ten-foot pole. They're scared of you. They'll give you a reasonable hearing. But they don't want you around too close. You're frightening to them. They don't know what to think of you. They don't know how it's going to backfire.

"So, in Orwell's description, I'm somewhat of an 'un-person.' The Russians don't trust me. The U.S. doesn't trust me. What worse could you want?"



George begins to loosen again on the Japanese power play.

I try to stop him.

He senses my genuine disinterest and forges ahead that much harder.

"Look George, I break in, you're the kind of person people talk about as being 'concerned,' who would like to do something, to change things. Now think for a minute about how your trial and conviction have limited your possibilities."

He clearly doesn't like the question and ignores it. "I called F. William Abert about this Japanese thing the other day —"

I press.

"Well, if nothing else, I'll probably be putting out sarcastic letters describing the worst things in this society for the rest of my life...And I'll probably end up the biggest contributor the welfare roles ever had...."

"Now as I was saying — I called Abert the other day —"

"And how could your life have been different? — tell me that first."

He pauses and his eyes pan the ceiling. "I suppose I would have been an engineer. You know, I still carry my Engineering Club card from City College in San Francisco, 1957....And if that whole episode had never happened, I guess I would be very fat and very happy."

There is something in his voice as he says this that I haven't heard before. And perhaps —

"But as I was telling Abert —"



Till this day, George claims his innocence, saying he went into Mexico on the scheme of his colonel to get to Cuba and gather intelligence.

George still admires Col. Nickerson as a "brilliant, independent maverick" who was fed up with carefully orchestrated spying operations going into Cuba and getting nothing but caught.

And, off-handedly, George mentions another motivation: Nickerson was already in scalding water for his disdain of Army bureaucracy. George feels he may have been high-staking that George would succeed so spectacularly that their Army would have to decorate them. It was a chance at evening old scores. And a frail and shivery chance at glory.

But George couldn't pull it off. And before George came to trial, Nickerson was stone dead in an auto accident.

The prisoner was shuttled from jail to hospital for five years. His conviction was ultimately overturned on "technicalities."

George gloated. He had called his trial "a travesty on justice." The appellate judge recoiled. "Gessner's betrayal of the United States is despicable," he wrote, "sorely testing the administration of justice on an individual case."



The interview grows more tangled. George wants to talk about the inscrutable Japs; I am falling all over myself pursuing what's left of George Gessner.

"Our military attaches have been busy too long in the geisha houses —"

"George, I have that. Let's talk about you for a while."

Suddenly George says the interview is over and leaves the room.

As I begin packing up the tape recorder, George's father rocks himself up from the couch and totters across the room. He peeks toward the kitchen and back at me apologetically. His voice is only a whiskey-sorry whisper.

"George got his ass wiped out once. Mitchell got it, MacArthur got it, I got it, so did he. But George and me aren't dummies. We're somebody. You got to be somebody to get your ass wiped out." ○

... AND GEORGE



GESSNER, G. J.: Army deserter, charged in '62 with passing nuclear secrets to USSR, ruled mentally competent to stand trial, Ap 12,57:2; trial begins, Kan City, Mo 27,5:2; testimony completed, Je 6,10:6; Gessner convicted; gets life term; trial is 1st held under Atomic Energy Act; he comments, Je 10,20:3



George Gessner sits on the couch in his mother's living room and relates to me a startling and dangerous discovery: The Japanese are returning to militarism.

After about a minute, I realize he expects me to respond. "Well.... What is the importance of this, George? I mean, you know, fully."

George sets his jaw and shrugs closure the way God must do from time to time. "In its outcome, it's probably World War III. If we break this now, though, Nixon will be forced to resign and Prime Minister Tanaka will lose face," he tells me coolly.... "And I guarantee you'll be shot."

Three astounding things have occurred lately, George says, that prove his argument. Roundly, they have been ignored.

First factor: Only several weeks ago a Japanese soldier who evidently was never told that the war was over was returned to Japan after having terrorized the Philippines for thirty years. "He was welcomed as a national hero. That ceremony was a virtual

declaration of war, like if we had recast the Liberty Bell."

Second factor: Henry Kissinger just a while back asked the Japanese for help in protecting the interests of the Free World. "That's a fatal statement of weakness to the Oriental mind."

Third factor: Japan is supposedly practicing zero-population growth. "I'm not convinced they are. It's just possible that they are reproducing at a rate that will quickly man a massive army."

"Darryl, we're onto something so big...." Words completely give way.

"I've been trying to get somebody to wake up to this thing. I called Silberman at the Washington Post today and he ran me over to Harris at the foreign affairs desk." George stops and ponders. "I don't think Fred followed me though."



That little paragraph written in militaryese that begins this article is George's listing in the *New York Times Index* under the topic-heading of U.S. Internal Security. He was big news that year as our very first defendant under the Atomic Energy Act.

That was 1962, the year that Kennedy stared down the Russian gunboats off Miami Beach. And the year 6,000 American troops entered Thailand. People talked dreadfully about the "Red Scare" and hated George Gessner for what they believed he did to his

country. His trial was lost. He says he never had a chance.

After he got out of prison, George returned to South Texas and became a perpetual student. Nearing forty today, he'll have his masters' soon if he doesn't change his major again.

You talk with George and you know something strange is going on. He lives in a kind of frenzy — but under controlled conditions. He's trying to get across to somebody.

George keeps a copy of the Congressional Directory which lists half a dozen pages of newspapers to which he writes letters-to-the-editor.

Each and every one of those letters, he used to promise me, "could turn this whole damn country around."

George ought to be a terror.

"But I don't know," he says, getting up from the couch to pour himself another tumbler of Hill and Hill and Pepsi. "Maybe I accomplish more being a marginal personality on the sidelines of society than if I were sitting in a big fancy office with a guaranteed check every week."

"You see, power is whether you can make the decisions yourself; influence is whether you can induce somebody else to do it for you."



Until late in 1960 George was a good soldier. He had been in the guided missile program for seven years. Before entering the Army, he had worked with the Martin Co. at Cape Canaveral on the Titan missile project, landing the job by virtue of some familiar name-dropping with the supervisor.

But by 1960, George's fitted and patterned world began to come apart. The Army showed its technicians restricted films of Hiroshima and Nagasaki after the atom bomb blasts. George flinched. He was scared and sickened.

Bill Parrish

Student Government vice-president

Politics and political campaigns leave a really bad taste in my mouth. Serious thoughts about my continuing in politics occurred after my decision to run because of all the really shitty things which started coming my way — phone calls in the middle of the night, dirty deals, back biting, lies, rumors....

I was really surprised at such maliciousness in campus politics. Frankly, I was naive.

Politics can really consume people. Politicians in general become prostitutes during campaigns. It's easy to forget what is really important. You can literally get carried away.

It's like the novel *Dr. Zhivago*. Dr. Zhivago was a real idealist and Laura's husband, the Red military man, got carried away with the revolution and became a pragmatist. We all make a compromise somewhere between the two characters.

Jeff Friedman
City Councilman

Basically the most influential people in Austin are the real estate people and the behind-the-scenes leadership of the Chamber of Commerce, your financial institutions, land developers, etc.

Your real big business people, your retail-type people don't really take much interest in being power brokers in Austin. Neither do lawyers.

But those of us on the city level who serve ultimately are the most powerful people around. They control so directly the day-to-day activities of an individual. City council is the most powerful place to be.

Apparently I have more power than I give myself credit for.

There's a difference between those who are powerful and wield it and those who are powerful and choose to work with people. Most of the ones I have seen are heavy-handed types.

Everybody has to be aggressive to an extent. I can't imagine anybody running for political office without having some future ambition. This talk about "Well, I just want to serve the community" is a very, very minute kind of background thinking.

I want to stay in politics and run for successive offices.

My idealism has tarnished. I thought we would be able to get a lot more done. And I



photo by Sally Jenkins

don't know if you can ever get back to the point where you can get the tarnish off idealism. It's hard because you're afraid to try it again.

Also, I've become a little more cynical about the use of power.

I know a few dirty tricks as well as the next guy. I know how to use demagoguery as well as the next guy. And what I've seen is that's what's working consistently. Therefore, sometimes you just have no alternative to it.

I think the mayor and I are closer to being alike than anyone else on the council — not alike philosophically, necessarily. But alike in the idea of being the one to get the final word in, and very strong in self-certainty and self-assurance.

I think it bothers him that he may look at me and see himself. I think it bothers him that I'm starting much younger.

not agree on sharing household responsibilities.

"Some husbands say to the wife, 'You work and take care of the house and children while I go to school and play,' " is one bitter view.

"We've never agreed on who is to do what," says a happier wife. "Charles likes to cook, anyway, so he does much of that and most of the grocery shopping. I do most of the housework but don't feel pressured to do it at any certain time. I feel other things are more important, like keeping up with my husband intellectually."

that everything would be fine once the degree is finished.

Most people would agree that patterns that are formed early in the marriage are the ones which will predominate. One wife told of changing patterns within her family by attending a therapy group at the University's Mental Health Clinic with her husband over a period of a year. She started going to the beauty shop once a week. She arranged a nook of her own in their small apartment in which she had previously felt crowded out by his books and papers.

pressures come at the same time, but so do their celebrations.

"If you are unhappy, you can't make your husband happy nor help him get through his program, no matter how much you want to," she says.

This same wife also feels that if a wife is dissatisfied, she should arrange with her husband to make some changes and not just complain and feel sorry for herself.

Jane tells of starting back to school when her baby was 29 days old. Many of us would be unwilling to make that kind of sacrifice, but it does prove that if you want to go to school, you can.



One person felt she couldn't ask her husband for help and tried to relieve him of as much responsibility as possible. Naturally, she finally felt overburdened and exploited.

Sometimes the wife completely sublimates her own needs. One woman continually put aside her own needs in favor of her husband's. Their situation became explosive.

Sometimes the family feels they can put up with anything for a certain period of time. They put too much stock in the "when." "When he gets out of school we will ... (start to live)."

Dr. Ledbetter cites the incidence of divorces that take place after the husband has finished his degree. The couple had held the marriage together for various reasons, the main one of which was the expectation

"I love to cook, but for years had put off buying several small gadgets which would have made my work in the kitchen much easier," relates one wife. "One day it dawned on me just how fed up I was with waiting.

"I went to the housewares department and bought a cookie sheet that I had needed for years. It cost under a dollar. I also decided that I had waited long enough to learn to play bridge. I signed up for a class at the Hancock Recreation Center — a semester-long course that cost \$3. I signed up for a class in Yoga. I painted the kitchen. Then I began taking classes at the University."

Many wives are in school at the same time as their husbands. One is in the same program. Do they have a lot to share! Their

"If the wife stays in the kitchen with the dishes and groceries, she is bound to stagnate," Jane says.

Sometimes, if the wife works at some dull, uncreative job to put her husband through school, they have little to share. Dr. Ledbetter mentions the value of the various wives' groups on campus.

But why should a woman belong to a law wives' group just because her husband is studying law? Who ever heard of any husband's groups?

"Well, such groups should exist, and if they do, husbands should belong to them," declares Dr. Ledbetter.

He recommends that couples try to meet each other's needs and expectations, both spoken and unspoken at the time of

marriage, and that they keep communication open about feelings.

One couple saved their marriage by learning to do this. The wife went to the mental health clinic and told the counselor of many grievances that she had never revealed to her husband. At the counselor's suggestion, she brought her husband for the next visit. The counselor helped her articulate and helped him listen.

The husband was astounded, with mouth hanging open, to hear his wife saying things he had never dreamed she felt. She had never given him a chance to be understanding.

"Try to understand and be accepting and affectionate," Dr. Ledbetter advises.

He tells of a wife who was complaining about the husband. Dr. Ledbetter asked the man if he ever told his wife that he loved her.

"Well, I married her, didn't I?" he replied.

That marriage didn't last long.

"I see a lot of kids who are working hard on marriage, and they are usually successful," says Dr. Ledbetter. "They see that they can't handle problems themselves and come here for help. Some have surprised me by working things out. I often ask

myself, 'Was it temporary, or will it last?' Sometimes, after they graduate, they write to me. I've gotten some nice letters; I've gotten some tragic ones."

While many marriages fail while the couple is in school, particularly interesting are those couples who stick together through the husband's college work, even graduate school, only to break up once that degree has been won.

Dr. Ledbetter feels that of the many couples who have come to him, some have succeeded in ironing out only the symptoms, not the basic problems. Often both spouses are so absorbed in pressures from school, work, and family that they don't have time to examine their real feelings.

The years, energy, and emotions invested in the marriage makes them want to stick it out until better times. They anticipate the magical point at which their hardships will be over and life can begin.

Then, they get away from school. He gets a job which preoccupies his time and energy in trying to make good. He spends no more time with his wife and family than he did while he was in school. Her role has diminished in importance. Sometimes the husband has outdistanced the wife intellectually. They have grown apart. The magical point was not magical after all.

Would these marriages, then, have failed

anyway, regardless of the study program?

"Not necessarily," says Dr. Ledbetter.

He feels the added pressures of school, home, and family put undue burden upon the marriage. In cases where the mates have ample time and personal resources to invest in the marriage it has more chance to succeed.

What about Sandy and Bob, whose story was told in the beginning?

"I don't think we would've broken up if we hadn't been in school," Sandy says. "Especially if we hadn't come back the second time. Oh, we had lots of problems, but we could have worked them. Bob didn't really want to go to school, which was part of the problem. The woman gets tired. A couple can take turns going to school and give her a break."

Can you go to school and still be happily married? Can you get through it without scars?

"Well, you can," says Sandy, smiling. "There is something to say for getting married after the husband has one degree. You have to ask, 'How possessive, secure, trusting are we?' If I had waited, I would have known myself better."

Sandy is on her own now. She is in nurse's training. She feels that, now, she knows herself. ○



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PEARL

READERSHIP SURVEY

Since this magazine is written for you, we need some feedback from our readers. Please help us out by circling the number which best describes your reaction to features that have appeared in PEARL throughout the year.

- 1 hated violently
- 2 disliked almost to the point of writing letter
- 3 total indifference
- 4 thought I loved it
- 5 had orgasm immediately after reading

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Dry Rot in ROTC.....	1	2	3	4	5
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(International Sports)					
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Please return surveys —(attaching additional comments)— to PEARL Magazine office (TSP Building, 4.102) or drop in Campus Mail box.

THE POWER, . . .

By Darryl Farrow

James Reston
New York Times vice-president
(his written reply)

Stick to Lord Acton.



Buck Harvey
Daily Texan editor-elect

When I decided to run, I didn't think I was going to win because I put together my campaign within about a week, two weeks. I'd never talked to audiences before and I thought I'd get something out of that. And I'd never been involved in a political campaign so I thought I'd get something out of that.

As far as my gain from the job—to say it's not a stepping stone, that I wasn't using it that way, is ludicrous.

I control the priorities of the *Texan*. It's kind of a way of mobilizing priorities for the students.

The student who exerts the most campus influence—it's a toss-up between the student body president and the editor of the *Texan*. I think the student body president has to use the newspaper though, whereas I'm very independent. Sandy Kress wouldn't have been nearly as effective without *The Daily Texan*, whereas I really don't need it because I have my medium there.

I used to think that this is the ultimate job I may get. Because here I am without any publisher pressure on me. I can write anything. I have an automatic circulation of 40,000. I have complete freedom as far as the paper goes—what I write, what I write about. I've been thinking about it—I may not ever get another job like it.

An Oil Lobbyist
who chooses to remain anonymous

It's hard to think of anyone who doesn't have a pretty effective lobby out there.

The oil lobby is probably one of the less organized, one of the less able to have much contact with the legislators. The industry is made up of so many companies. And it is terribly cautious about being too visible and about being active politically. If they're too visible, they're that much more open to criticism. So the oil and gas industry in Texas carries a low profile.

I think there are about twelve or thirteen oil lobbyists in Austin. Their effect, to the extent they've been effective, is because they're speaking from a position of real importance to the economy. So Texans have been a little sensitive about biting the hand that feeds them.

Obviously you feel pleased to be representing someone whose importance is respected. I think a good sign of how well a lobbyist is respected is when he's called on by a legislator for advice.

But the stigma for a lobbyist puts him in a position where it would be difficult to get elected. He's pretty susceptible to attacks that he'd be looking out for special interests.

I'm sure there has been some corruption and lobbyists paying off legislators. And I'm sure it continues. But I've never seen it.

From what I can tell, it's more indirect. It's usually someone hopefully befriending the legislator in some way, maybe by helping with his campaign. In any respect, it's bribery.

Sometimes somebody will sponsor a bill. And he may sign it and support it. And when it's voted on, he votes against it — and there's no changes in the bill.

You often wonder.

(As the interview was ending, the lobbyist began to talk about the legislators he has dealt with over the past dozen years in Washington and Austin):

LYNDON JOHNSON: Obviously he loved power. A person uniquely endowed to accomplish many things. He loved dealing with people and producing for them.

JOHN CONNALLY: Terribly competent and confident. He's as tough as he can possibly be. It's just that he can accomplish a good bit using about one-twentieth of his time and ability. I always thought he would like to be appointed King.

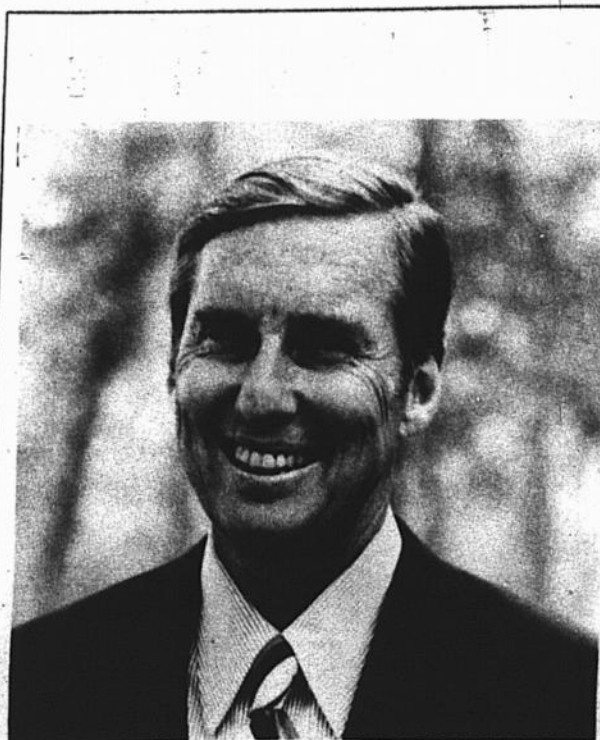
DOLPH BRISCOE: Kind and good and genuine and honest. He's also the most bland, do-nothing, apolitical type I've ever seen, and he's seemingly apathetic toward an aggressive state government. I just thought he would serve one term and go back to Uvalde and sit on the front porch and tell his grandkids what it's like to be governor.

FRANK ERWIN: So bright and so smart. He has figured out things that very few people could. He always felt strongly about things but more and more, he's come to take things personally. In a way he's now a petty man. Oh, but he's a fighter. He's got balls the size of a basketball.

JOHN TOWER: I'm amazed that the shrimp continues to get elected. He despises people, has no use for people, hates to come to Texas. I never thought he had that much interest in power. He doesn't perform like he does. But he'll take a strong stand and won't back down.

SARAH WEDDINGTON: Doesn't seem to reflect any power lust. So conscientious—I know she'll sit and listen attentively to legislation that puts even its own proponents to sleep.

LLOYD DOGGETT: May be the most power-hungry man in Texas. He gets that look in his eye — like he's eyeing that charted course. He's not only got that kind of drive and ambition, but he may have a better chance at it than anybody else.



Lloyd Bentsen
U.S. Senator (his written reply)

The American people have been sending those in positions of political power an important message: get on with the issues of national security and national well-being and stop corrupting our democratic system by the way some act politically.

The people don't expect miracles, but they do expect action; they don't expect saintliness, but they do expect honesty; they don't expect the absence of politics, but they do expect restraints on vicious partisanship; they don't expect government to do all things for all people, but they do expect government to do its best and to do it honestly and fairly.

THE KINGDOM,

It's pretty common feed-store knowledge that Lyndon Johnson once said he didn't want loyalty, he wanted this particular feller's balls in his pocket.

But then a more recent president recalled all the loyalty chips that ever were out and restamped them in a denomination that could cause a person to have to quit his job and scat out of town and still have to go over national TV to admit what a worthless person he is.

Now if you study on it at all, you'll know right away that Lyndon wasn't any more talking about that kind of foolishness than he was about Pittsburgh.

It was power that was on his mind.

Ours too.

So we talked with some people who have a little of it and just may be on their way to getting a little more.

The questions covered more territory than the Kerrville bus line. In short, though, we asked them to consider the power and influence they wield and to comment.

Politicians, media people, some entertainment figures too. With maybe one or two exceptions, you know everybody here.

Most generally, they were real fond of talking. So we better get on with it.

Stephen Spurr UT president

The regents and alumni approach me as to why I don't control things on campus and the students approach me why don't I control the regents. One faculty member may want me to control another faculty member.

The university president who develops a lust for power is going to be a failure. I'm fond of pointing out that the university really needs neither a student newspaper nor a president — or a football team. These are all fringe benefits. The true university consists of students and faculty.

Since high school I wanted to be a forester and a practicing ecologist. It was only late in life that I got drafted to faculty-committee work in the university administration — without any ambition or desire to go in that direction.

The surest way of never getting to be a university president is to want to be a university president.

The faculty and students will almost enjoyably select a candidate who doesn't particularly want the job. Rather unerringly, they look for a person who's a good teacher and good research scholar.

The role of the Presidency is a lightning rod that attracts sparks. I get my share of irate letters but I get much more congratulatory letters.

And I don't feel that most of the angry letters are because someone thinks I'm a bastard. But because I'm president, I represent the University.

Research assistance by Mike Powers, Joe Nick Patoski, Carrie Schweitzer, and David Peterson

Bill Nafon Michael Hart Paula Saffe Dee Haws Taylor-Vision Video

We've worked on just about every video project in the state. We do things in Taylor that we think will entertain the people, but it's local events that will build their identity and information. Like we did a meet-the-candidates thing on city council. We've done a half-hour tape involving cotton which is the main crop here.

We do a Taylor-Made Trivia which is news items, what went down during the week. But there isn't that much news that happens here.

We're not hustlers. Certain people would probably push to give us a grant if we ever made any forward moves to get one. But we're not hustlers.

We've tried to keep the idea that we're a service for this town rather than we should put forth any of our own ideas. There's no really heavy politics that go down. And when something happens we cover it in a nonbiased way. After a year of having this apolitical, hippie-run station, the town has gotten the idea that they don't have to worry about us.

It sounds like just living day to day. But whenever we talk about all we've done — Jesus! A lot has happened.

Sammy Alfred KVET disc jockey

I see guys who go to radio school that go along with the format and say this is the so-and-so format or the so-and-so theory who are very good, but the only success I've ever had is being me — which at least three times a day, somebody says Sammy Alfred's crazy.

I started out with Arthur Godfrey in 1961. I just do what I do. Like you came in today and probably thought we're crazy; we're having a contest playing the Mexican boyboys.

Well sometimes — and I'll tell you the

truth — I say "I wish people would leave me alone," you know. Like as I always tell my wife, "like Humphrey Bogart says...." She says "You ain't Humphrey Bogart." But like he said, "All is I owe the people is a good performance."

But you go out in public and people come up to you all the time. But then again, if they didn't, you wouldn't be as lucky as I am and work four hours a day and make more money than any other disc jockey in Texas.



Lowell Leberman city councilman

To lead, you need a real, genuine sense of fairness and certain qualities of toughness. There are tremendous pressures and strong influences whirling around you all the time on issues involving millions of dollars and thousands of lives.

It's not easy to sit in that council chamber when it's full of people — half on one side and half on another and some in the middle — and they're all screaming and they're all angry.

I mean, we're all human and we'd all like to please those around us. But that's not always possible. So you have to be tough enough and confident of your own position. Otherwise you'd simply be torn apart.

As I came on the council two years ago I wasn't widely known community-wide. But I did my homework, attended the council meetings, and got to know each of the department heads. And because I made that effort, my influence over at city hall has grown quite considerably.

Oh, I'm absolutely my own man. I'm right well-to-do. It's easy for me; I don't need or want anything. I enjoy it and I love it and I like the rough-and-tumble and the fracas. But fundamentally I have X programs I want to see happen and after that I'll be through.

That makes me terribly independent, probably frighteningly so to some folk.



Although he asked for my husband by name, the voice on the phone was unfamiliar. Mike picked up the receiver and, after listening a few minutes, began answering some personal questions about the two of us: our ages, dates of graduation, and Mike's future. My curiosity got the better of me, so I quietly picked up the extension.

I heard them mention a mutual friend, but I still didn't recognize the voice. Finally, I spoke up in the conversation. The strange voice said, "Is this Cynthia? My name is John Security, and your husband and I were just discussing life insurance."

Needless to say, my husband was dumbfounded at this since "financial counseling," not insurance, had been mentioned.

Now, this guy was already on my bad side, since he was asking nosey questions, and calling us by first names like old neighborhood buddies. I told him we had other money worries without shelling out for unneeded life insurance premiums.

Undaunted, Security asked if Sunday night would be convenient for some personal counseling with us. My husband, sensing my Mr. Hyde emerging, interrupted by politely informing the salesman that at present we were not interested, thanked him, obtained his phone number for future reference, and hung up. Afterwards, we discovered that Security had visited one of our friends who gave him our names.

If you haven't met up with a friendly, glib-smiling salesman, you probably have it to look forward to. The Institute of Life Insurance believes that students — mainly seniors and graduate students — buy as much as five billion dollars worth of life insurance a year, in terms of face value. Yet how many of us know what we are doing?

In an article from *Changing Times*, a business school senior reports how he was so befuddled by an agent's sales talk that he bought a policy without realizing it. He signed all papers, including a loan note, on the agent's assurance that those steps were only preliminaries. The premium came to \$434 a year, but the note covering the first year's premium totaled \$620 because of the addition of five years' interest and service charges. Five years from now he will be paying the company \$1,054.

Watch out! He may be a trainee getting experience on the college campus, but this agent has been carefully coached on your weaknesses.

For instance, many students want to discuss the policy with their parents first. To embarrass that notion out of you, the agent may casually mention that he met a fellow who wanted to talk to his father about this program. "Gee, how can this guy ever be a successful businessman if he can't decide whether or not to save \$15 of his own money each month without Dad's help?"

If this doesn't work, then he may say, sure, it's a great idea to discuss your decision with your parents. He'll recommend that you make your decision, tell your parents what you have done and why, and

Insurance Pros That Con

By Cynthia McCulloch
By Cynthia McCulloch

prove to them that while you make your own decisions, you still respect their opinions.

The agent's troubles don't stop here. He still has to help you ignore the fact that you probably can't afford premium payments during your college years. So, many use "buy now, pay later" tactics.

Consumers Union investigated this very successful effort and found that the company agrees to pay the first, and sometimes second, annual premium with a loan that the student pays back in five years or so. (By the way, the agent's commission for such a policy is usually 50 to 75 percent of the first annual premium.)

Usually, the student will have to sign a promissory note and a policy-assignment form, so that if he dies, the insurance company is the first beneficiary — which is understandable.

But, many companies also take the precaution of an acceleration clause, i.e. if the student fails to pay any premium on time, the lender can demand payment for the entire loan — perfectly legal.

In a survey by the Institute of Life Insurance, 53 percent of students questioned considered themselves "not too well informed about the differences in life insurance," and only three percent know that term insurance costs less than whole life insurance.

Look out for "good deals." A "preferred" premium rate, for example, may be nothing more than the standard rate for people in good health. So forget about the advertising or selling gimmicks like "joint life," "family income," or other catchy terms.

Are you wondering how the agent gets your name, or knows so much about you? This is sometimes attributable to "bird-dogging," where an agent uses students to dig up prospects, usually their friends. Never mind that the practice is illegal in Texas.

Many insurance brokers charge

"youthful naivete" to explain away complaints from campuses, but many of the strongest protests come from insurance professors who really know the business.

In *The Consumer in American Society*, the Consumer's Union advises that most students have little need for life insurance now. If you have no dependents, then your death is not likely to create a financial hardship for anyone, beyond burial expenses, right?

So why bother buying it now? Because the younger you are, the lower the premium rates, and the easier it is to pass the medical exam. If you do decide to buy life insurance now, get renewable, convertible, term insurance.

Term insurance is purchased for a specific time period. For example, buying a \$2,000 five-year term policy would pay your beneficiary \$2,000 should you die within the stated five years. The advantage: Rates are much lower than on whole life policy.

Your term policy should have a renewable clause in it for one good reason: You are not required to take a second physical examination upon renewal. So, if you develop a serious illness during the first term, you can keep renewing your policy at five-year intervals, sometimes up to age 65, and still be covered for the same \$2,000 dollars. Advantage: You probably couldn't get insurance with anyone else because of your illness. Disadvantage: You can't increase the amount of your policy.

Convertible simply means you can change your policy from term to straight life. Under straight life, you are covered until death, instead of a set number of years. A straight life policy includes not only protection but a savings account. Advantage: You will amass a cash build-up which you can eventually borrow against. Disadvantage: More expensive.

So, you've let yourself be talked into a policy you don't want. What can you do about it? Legally, nothing.

The Texas State Insurance Board states what the small print says goes. Health insurance, can be cancelled by the purchaser up to ten days after the policy is in effect, but life insurance has no such provision.

Many companies will graciously return your money, but legally are not bound. So, when that agent leaves your home with your check for the first year's premium, face it, you now have a year's life insurance.

But, the shoe can fit the other foot, even if the fit is uncomfortable. Should you die the day after the policy goes into effect, your beneficiary can collect the entire amount on the policy. In both cases, if either party can prove misrepresentation, the policy may be revoked.

No matter which side you take, the situation demands common sense. Shop around, compare costs, and the next time a slick, grinning policy peddler approaches and comments that you must be a person who can make responsible decisions about your future, show him that you are. O

KE... COUGH... GASP... SPUTTER

By Trudy Thompson

It has taken awhile. And now it's a stand-off.

Even quiet, never-before revolutionaries have made this "revolution" their own. It's the smoke. It's driving them wild.

UTURN (University Texans United for the Rights of Non-smokers) has drawn non-smokers from all parts of the University. They're bound together by one goal: to enforce the no-smoking rules on campus.

"I'm tired of going to class and coming out smelling like a smoker," an organizer says.

"We're not against smoking. If people want to smoke, they should confine it to smoking sections and other designated areas," says another.

Robyn Richter and Janet Hildebrand, both graduate students, started the organization, which is patterned after TURN (Texans United for the Rights of Non-smokers). TURN is working for state legislation and city ordinances against smoking in public places.

UTURN has been countered by another group, OCSAM (Organization for Committing Suicide in a Socially Acceptable Manner) which maintains that no-smoking rules violate the smoker's rights.

Rick Martin, senior education major and organizer of the group, says he is a "reformed smoker," but is "concerned everyone gets a fair shake." He maintains the no-smoking rules should follow the premise "the greatest good for the greatest number."

Figures provided by the Texas State Department of Health indicate 58 percent of adult men and 70 percent of adult women — 67 percent of the adult population — do not smoke.

So what is the greatest good for the greatest number?

"Your statistics are irrelevant in that we're not talking about masses. Minorities have rights too," Martin says.

Martin also has an answer for the fact that cigarette smoke has been proven harmful to the non-smoker as well as the smoker. "Basically, cigarette smoke is not that harmful. Cigarette smoke is usually diluted into a large area, and, except in certain circumstances, is not harmful. I've had quite a lot of science myself, and I know that experimental conditions are exaggerated conditions."

One of UTURN's major complaints is the odor caused by tobacco smoke. Martin isn't worried about the odor either: "There are so many odors. There's the odor of people who don't use deodorant, of the building, and of course, of farts. The odor is not as important as the person's right to smoke a cigarette."

"I hate coming down hard and fast on anything. The key is common courtesy," Martin feels. "The reason I started this was because of the radical position of UTURN. They're wanting prohibition."

Martin admits he has not talked to any member of UTURN and has not been to a meeting.

UTURN's organizers, Richter and Hildebrand, say the primary objective of the group is to make sure the no-smoking rules of the University are enforced.

The University is already steeped in such ordinances, but, as any non-smoker knows too well, they are largely ignored.

A generation ago when pollution was not a household word and when "doctors smoked Camels," the Faculty Council (now

University Council) adopted a resolution prohibiting soft drinks and smoking except in specified areas. The original resolution, adopted in 1952, was amended in 1973 to include elevators as no-smoking areas.

Billy Knowles, assistant superintendent of the Building and Grounds Department says "the only way to enforce this rule is to get the professors to insist upon no smoking in their classrooms." His department puts up the "No Smoking" signs in each classroom on campus, "and we put them up just as fast as people take them down." Knowles tells the building foremen to replace any missing or defaced sign, and to remove any ashtray from a no-smoking area.

Knowles has had several of the signs put under glass in metal frames in an effort to make them more permanent, but he admits the signs don't do much good unless they're enforced.

"There is considerable damage to the carpets, floors, and furniture each year, but there is no way of telling exactly how much is caused by smokers," he says.

Colvin says he has never had a violation called to his attention, and "the only way we'll get these rules enforced is when the professors decide to help us. The professor is king in his classroom, and he can make the rule stick." He adds, "When students start to push for enforcement, the professors will respond."

And what if they don't?
"Go to the professor's chairman or dean. He can change the professor's mind," Colvin says.

Colvin feels that one of the main

obstacles in enforcement is the attitude of the non-smoker. "When the non-smoker starts speaking up, he will change the general opinion of smokers that it is all right to smoke despite the no-smoking signs."

The Office of Safety Engineer is taking bids on 10,000 new no-smoking signs and decals designed to attract attention rather than to "blend with the wall. The old signs have been up so long they're part of the room. These new signs will attract attention," Decker says. The colorful signs carry the international symbol prohibiting smoking: a burning cigarette with a slash through it.

Getting the signs noticed is one thing. Having them enforced is another. Enforcement is all but impossible until the non-smoker and the courteous smoker speak out.

That is exactly what UTURN hopes to encourage.

"We need to raise the consciousness level of the non-smoker," Hildebrand said. "Most of us are shy about speaking out against smoking in a classroom, when there is really

no need to be. We have the right to breathe air free of tobacco smoke, and if anyone should be embarrassed about the situation created when someone is violating a no-smoking rule, it should be the smoker!"

Speaking out in class requires a bold soul, but the results are sometimes surprising. "I finally gathered courage and asked my education class not to smoke in the room, and I was supported by applause from the other non-smokers," Hildebrand says.

"Until the non-smoker makes his complaints known, he will continue to suffer from second-hand tobacco smoke," Richter contends. "It's so hard to tell someone not to smoke, but they won't stop until you make it clear that you object to it."

Dr. Judson Neff, professor of management in the School of Business, has taken quite a strong stand on the issue. He's the man who installed the signs in all the Business-Economics Building classrooms which say "You have no right to foul the air I breathe." Underneath is an invitation to the offended non-smoker to notify the

"President, the Dean, or any other strong defender" of violations.

Neff, who used to smoke "eight big Havanas a day," installed the signs three years ago and says very few have been taken down. "Our sign employs cognitive processing, which gets the message across. The message makes the smoker angry, and he thinks about it for a few minutes, trying to come up with a reply. The message doesn't determine what he does, but at least he thinks about it."

UTURN plans an extensive education program aimed at the non-smoker. "When he is convinced he has every right to speak up, the enforcement problem will be eased considerably," Hildebrand said.

The foreman of the "Million Dollar Classroom" in the Academic Center sums up the problem with a simple story.

"Why, I've had the Governor of Texas stand up there on that stage, underneath the no-smoking signs, and smoke. Then he threw the butt on the floor. What do you think about that?"

photos by Stanley Porter

- ## Emissions
1. Smoke-filled air contains small particles and gases that may irritate the eyes and nasal passages, trigger asthma reactions.
 2. Inhaled carbon monoxide gets into the bloodstream of non-smokers too, where it enters and robs the body of oxygen and commonly leads to headaches and dizziness, and in sufficient quantity, can cause heart and lung disease.
 3. A record of cigarette smokers raises the carbon monoxide content to between twenty and eighty parts per million of air. Fifty parts is acceptable in most industrial situations.
 4. Cigarette smoke contains 250 parts per million (ppm) of nitrogen dioxide, an acutely irritating gas. Pollution alert levels in Los Angeles have gone as high as three ppm.
 5. Hydrogen cyanide is not usually found in air pollution, but is in cigarette smoke. Long-term exposure to levels of about ten ppm is considered a chronic health hazard.

6. Smoke is a complex mixture of gases and particles. It is not just the smoke itself that is harmful, but the heat and the carbon monoxide it carries. Since these and other pollutants are less than cigarette smoke, they contribute much less to the overall pollution problem.
7. Heavy cigarette smoking causes a major health hazard. It is linked with the development of lung cancer, heart disease, and other serious ailments. It is also a major cause of blindness and other physical disabilities. In a classroom, it produces carbon monoxide levels up to ninety ppm.
8. At least 34 million Americans are sensitive to cigarette smoke. They have respiratory conditions which are made worse often dangerously so, by tobacco fumes.
9. One test has shown that moderate smoking in a room in a short time produces a pollution level as high as that found in a cigarette.